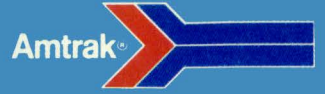


Express



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Alan S. Boyd

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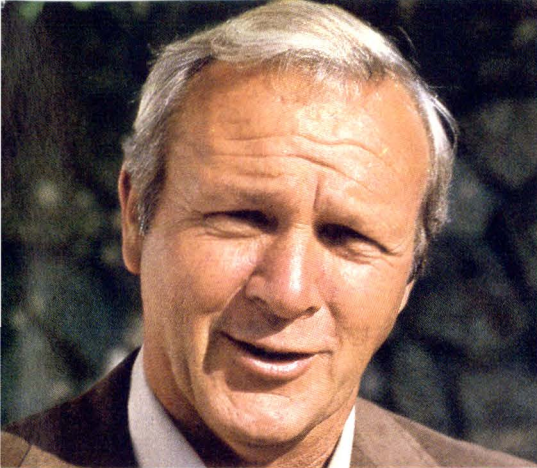
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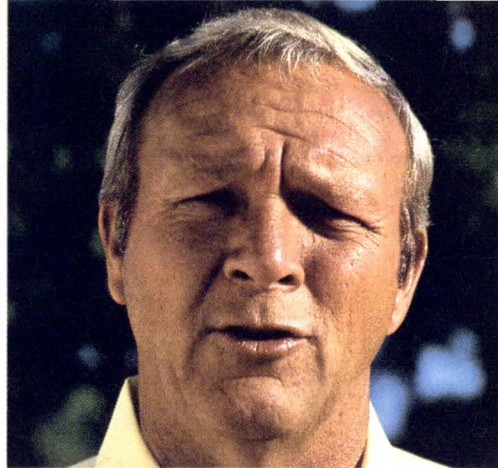
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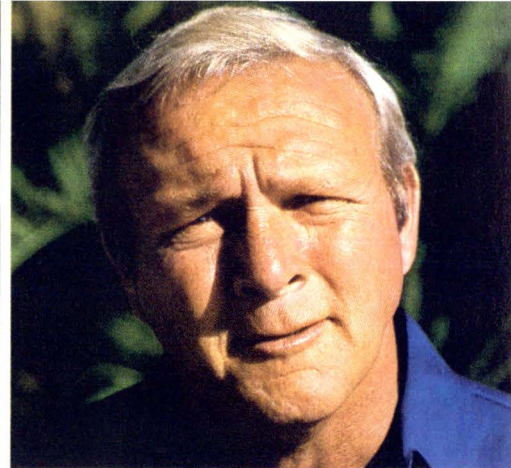
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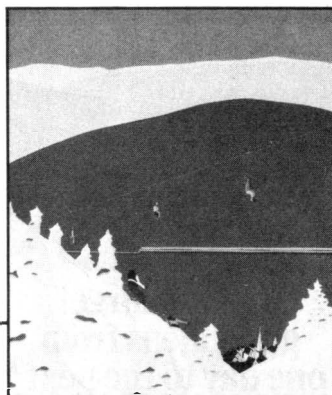
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January 1981

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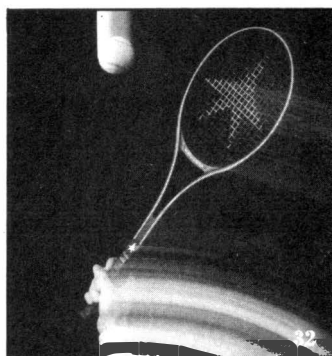
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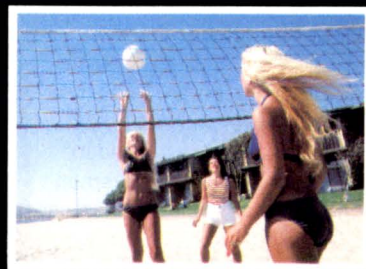
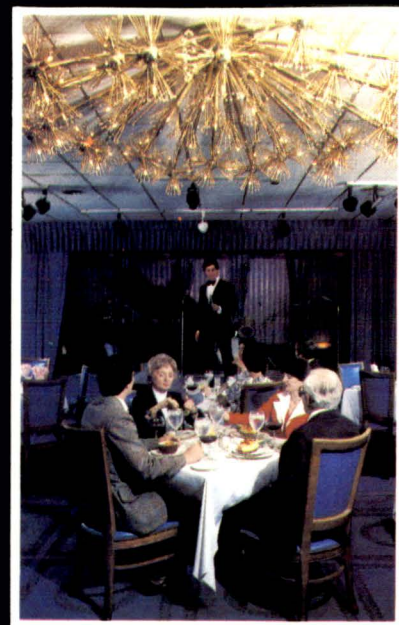
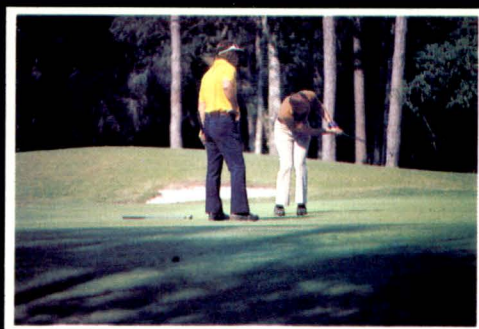
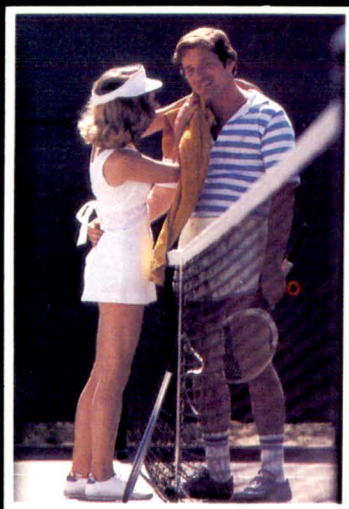
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The inside track on cultural events in...

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This month the Boston stage is dominated by fascinating and dangerous women.

With child actresses such as Brooke Shields, Jody Foster and Kristy McNichol becoming national sex symbols, a revival of the *Lolita* story could not have been long in coming. Donald Sutherland stars in a new comedy-drama by Edward Albee, based on Vladimir Nabokov's provocative novel. *Lolita*'s four-week, pre-Broadway run at the Wilbur Theatre begins **January 23**. Call (617) 423-4008.

A different kind of danger can be seen at the Met Center, **January 7-31**, when the indomitable Angela Lansbury stars in Hal Prince's *Sweeney Todd*. Based on the story of the legendary demon barber of Fleet Street, this Grand Guignol Stephen Sondheim musical picked up eight Tony awards before it began its current sweep of audiences across the country. Call (617) 482-9393.

And for another murderous ending, the Lyric Stage Company presents *Hedda Gabler*, **January 2-February 8**, Henrik Ibsen's masterful portrait of a woman whose passion and frustration destroy those around her and ultimately herself. Call (617) 742-8703.

The Museum of Fine Arts makes an unusual move, basing a major exhibition on a specific art technique, the monotype, when it opens "*The Painterly Print*" on **January 24**. A monotype involves the direct transfer of a fresh painting or drawing onto paper to yield



Angela Lansbury of *Sweeney Todd*



A Pissarro monotype



Seiji Ozawa to lead Tanglewood Chorus

a single print. The unique nature of the art accounts for the relative obscurity and value of monotypes. Included in the show are forty-two world-renowned artists such as Rembrandt, Pissarro, Degas, Gauguin, Picasso, Matisse and Jasper Johns. Call (617) 267-9300.

The **Tanglewood Festival Chorus** will present Antoniov's *Cycle of Thanatos and Genesis* at Symphony Hall on **January 23**, with the **Boston Symphony**, under Seiji Ozawa. Also on the program: Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto*, with pianist Rudolf Serkin. Call (617) 266-1492.

New York

The 1980-81 season of the Metropolitan Opera, long delayed by a musicians' strike, is finally under way, under the direction of James Levine. Subscriptions have been canceled, so New York City visitors will find it easier than usual to obtain tickets. A few of the new productions had to be postponed until next year, but there will be little change in the repertory of the Met's superbrevival. Call (212) 799-3100.

The big Broadway opening scheduled for this month doesn't quite qualify as a revival. It's Joseph Papp's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates of Penzance*. The show was such a huge success this past summer in Central Park's Delacorte Theatre that it will reopen at the Uris Theatre on **January 7**. Returning to their original roles are rock star Linda Ronstadt, George Rose and Kevin Kline. And there's a newcomer, Academy Award-winner Estelle Parsons. Considering how many theatergoers couldn't get tickets to last summer's production—and that those who did will want to go again—it's likely that

Pirates will follow the example of so many of Papp's other New York Shakespeare Festival Productions, like *A Chorus Line*, and remain on Broadway for years to come. Call (212) 586-6510.

At the Vivian Beaumont Theater, on **January 14**, Sarah Caldwell directs the Lincoln Center Theater Company in a six-week production of *Macbeth*—the first major production of the Shakespearean tragedy in over twelve years and Caldwell's first venture into nonoperatic direction—with Philip Anglim as Macbeth and Maureen Anderman as Lady Macbeth. Call (212) 787-6868. And the BAM Theater Company will begin its second season with a Shakespearean comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The eclectic repertory will include, in rotation, Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer*, Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, Brecht's *Jungle of Cities* and Sophocles's *Oedipus the King*. Call (212) 636-4160.

In 1955 Arthur Mitchell was the first black dancer in the country to become a permanent member of a major classical ballet company. Since he founded the **Dance Theatre of Harlem** eleven years ago in a church basement, Mitchell has proven to the world that classical ballet is not the exclusive province of whites. Last year his highly accomplished ensemble broke City Center box-office records and was acclaimed by critics as one of the five major companies. On **January 3**, the company returns to City Center for three weeks, with a gala evening performance of Frederick Franklin's *Scheherazade*. Call (212) 246-8989.

The world-champion skating duo Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner won the sympathy of the nation last year when they were forced to withdraw from the 1980



Linda Ronstadt, Rex Smith in *Pirates*



Dance Theatre of Harlem



Korean pottery at Met



Lilli Palmer to play Sarah Bernhardt

Winter Olympics because of an injury. Well, they're back on the ice and starring in *Ice Capades'* dazzling new extravaganza, which lights up the ice at Madison Square Garden, **January 21–February 1**. Call (212) 564-4400.

The entire scope of **Korean art**, five thousand years of it, to be exact, goes on view **January 10**, in a special exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Among the 256 masterpieces on display are national treasures—some recently excavated—such as a gold and jade crown from the fifth to eighth century A.D., an enormous Buddha from the late eighth to early ninth century and inlaid celadon porcelain unique to twelfth-to-thirteenth-century Korea.

For antiques of somewhat less antiquity, the Seventh Regiment Armory is hosting the **Twenty-seventh Winter Antiques Show, January 24–February 1**. Seventy-five distinguished dealers will present an impressive display of art objects, silver, jewelry and furniture from all corners of the world. Call (212) 665-5250.

And singer/songwriter **Peter Allen** brings his extraordinary energy to Radio City Music Hall, where he'll team up with the Rockettes for three shows, **January 15–17**. Call (212) 246-4600.

Washington

Women in show biz are a favorite subject of Washington theater this month.

On the one-hundredth anniversary of Sarah Bernhardt's first trip to the United States, **Sarah in America** comes to the Eisenhower Theater, **January 26–February 22**, prior to its Broadway engagement. Lilli Palmer enacts the public and private life of the great French actress in a two-character

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Calendar

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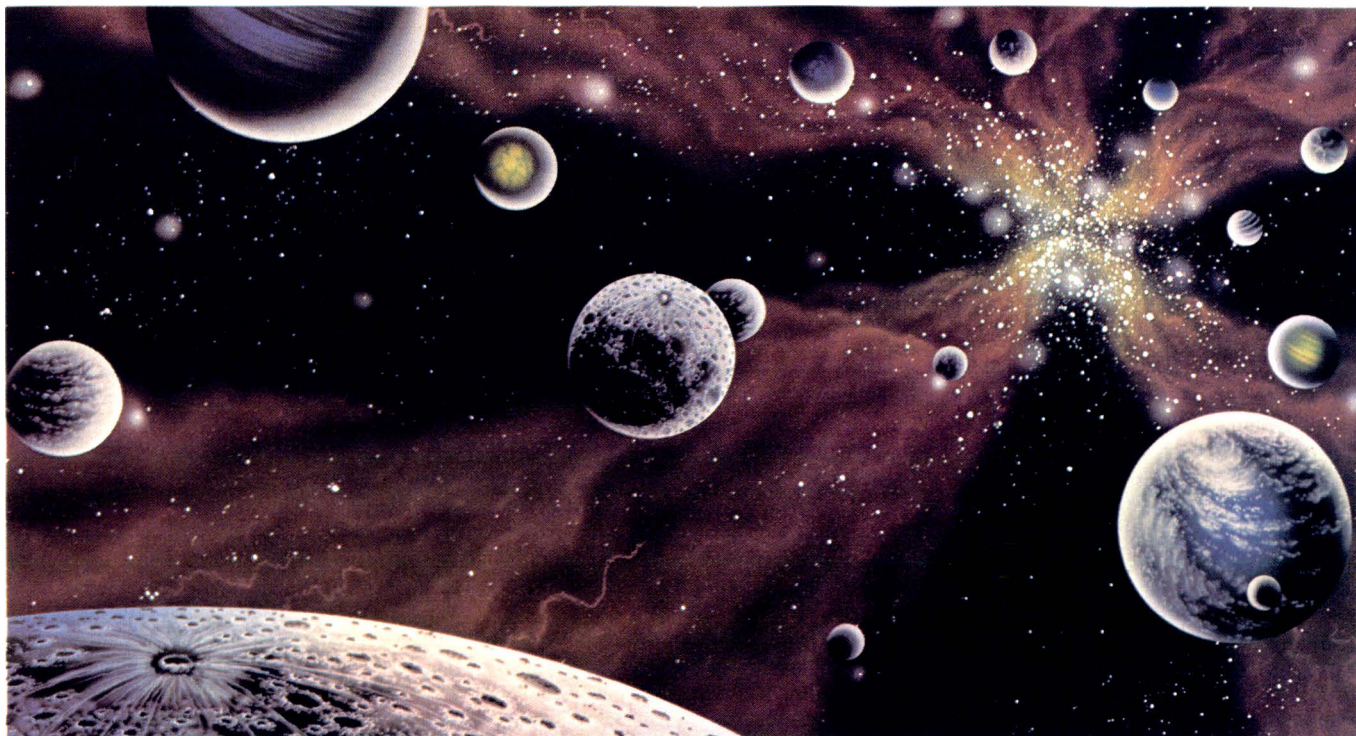
Gretchen Cryer and Nancy Ford's **I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road** is on the road—at Ford's Theater, **January 16-February 22**. Call (202) 347-6262.

Marvin Hamlisch and Carol Bayer Sager wrote the music and lyrics about a music-and-lyrics team, played by Victor Garber and Marsha Skaggs, in **They're Playing Our Song**. Book by Neil Simon, at the National Theatre **through March 21**. Call (202) 628-3393.

Buried treasure is on display **through March 15** at the National Gallery—that is, two Picasso paintings that are buried under a third. *Circus Family* and *Two Acrobats*, previously believed to have been lost or never to have existed, have been discovered to be the primary and secondary layers of paint under the artist's *Family of Saltimbanques*. The discovery is part of "Picasso: The Saltimbanques," an exhibition that focuses on a variety of works related to the largest and most ambitious project of Picasso's early career. Call (202) 737-4215.

Embroidered cotton dance costumes, headdresses, masks and breastplates display the painstaking craftsmanship and the spirit of folk art invested in Ecuador's annual Feast of Corpus Christi. They're part of "A Feast of Color," a SITES exhibition opening at the Renwick Gallery on **January 9**. Call (202) 628-4422.

Donald Spoto, one of the world's most respected authorities on the grand master of cinematic suspense, **Alfred Hitchcock**, will be the guest speaker at the American Film Institute. Call (202) 828-4000 for the date in late January. And have a "g-oo-d ee-vening!" — Kay Robin



Space Scape

A new painting by Mark Rickerson offers opportunity for JS&A customers in this exclusive print offering.

The painting above is by one of America's fastest rising American artists, Mark Rickerson. Rickerson's works represent some of the most popular space paintings ever created and they have been displayed at some of America's leading galleries and purchased by many space-age companies.

About one year ago, JS&A's president was traveling through Honolulu on a trip back from the Far East when he stopped by an art gallery to examine some paintings.

PRESIDENT'S IDEA

While in the gallery he saw one of Rickerson's works. Since JS&A markets space-age products, our president thought it would be a great idea to feature one of Rickerson's paintings on the next cover of JS&A's space-age catalog.

So he bought the painting and traveled to the Hawaiian Island of Maui, where he met with Rickerson in his studio to discuss reproduction rights. Rickerson refused. His paintings were growing in value and he did not want to commercialize his efforts at that stage of his career.

PROGRAM UNACCEPTABLE

Several months later however, our president received a call from Rickerson. The artist wanted to know if JS&A would be interested in offering limited edition prints exclusively to its customers, many of whom would appreciate the subject matter because of their interest in space-age electronics.

This time we refused. Rickerson wanted JS&A to offer 300 signed and numbered proofs for \$200 each. A typical JS&A response, however, would far exceed the available prints and we would have to return too many orders. In addition, Rickerson had been getting \$350 for his prints and we didn't understand why he would lower his price.

RICKERSON'S PLAN

But Rickerson had a plan. Those who would respond to our offer would have their name

placed in a computer and at the end of our promotion, the computer would randomly select 300 people eligible to purchase the prints. All respondents however, would make up his personal mailing list.

In the future, whenever a new Rickerson print would be announced for \$350 or more, those on his personal list would be eligible to purchase that print during the next three years at only \$200 regardless of Rickerson's status, fame or the value of his paintings.

Rickerson looked to this promotion as a way of establishing himself and his art firmly as a major factor on the American art scene and at the same time establish a strong following. JS&A in turn has not only agreed to assist Rickerson in that goal, but will be actively promoting his art and his products during the next three years. This offer to participate in his print program will end on February 28, 1981 and only those who respond will be allowed to participate during the next three years.

26 SEPARATE PLATES

Rickerson's painting shown above is called 'Space Scape,' and is one of a series of four that will be offered in this program. Space Scape is a spectacular view of outer space and expresses mankind's relationship to space in a dazzling display of colors, planets and shapes.

The serigraph prints are as spectacular as the original. Limited to only 300 hand-signed and numbered proofs, there are 26 separate overlaid colors from 26 separate silk screens to reproduce every exact detail on 100% museum-quality PH-balanced paper. And they are large—a 30" x 40" image size delivered in a well-constructed and protected carton.

PAINTING OFFERED

Later the original painting will be offered to the general public for \$10,000, or for \$5,000 to anyone on Rickerson's list on a first-come-first-served basis.

There is no obligation to enter and no

money is required. Simply fill in the information requested on the coupon and mail it to: One JS&A Plaza, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Each participant will be sent an acknowledgment letter with a number. The program will officially close on February 28, 1981 and those selected to receive the print will be notified directly by a public accounting firm by March 15, 1981. There is a strict limit of one entry per person and our computer will automatically reject duplicate applications. If for any reason you are dissatisfied with your purchase, you may return your print anytime during the next three years for a full refund.

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Career

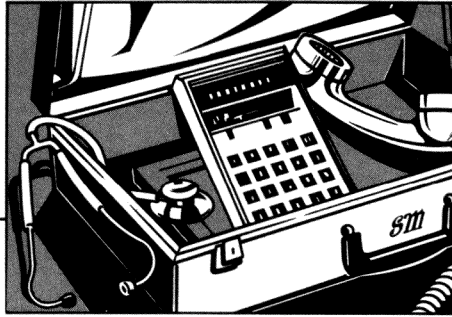


Illustration: Steve Miller

The Ten Rules of Business Etiquette

By Jacqueline Thompson—“Etiquette” is a word most people associate with table settings and social events. But etiquette is no less important in business than in one’s personal life. In fact, it is courtesy, more than any other single element, that greases the wheels of commerce and makes them turn smoothly.

Business etiquette—or behavior appropriate to the situation—is so important that Charles Guy Moore, the head of the National Institute of Career Planning, says: “It is unwise to rely purely on your competence to promote your career interests. If you are able to meet your business associates’ human needs for understanding and friendship, they will want to believe you are competent, because they will want to deal with you rather than with others.”

Manners are the means to meeting your colleagues’ “human needs.” Being aware of the following breaches of business conduct—some basic, others slightly more subtle—will certainly pay off.

Faux Pas #1: Assuming that all your business associates prefer to be addressed by their first names. In a small office, the use of first names among employees is generally decided by the employer. Take your cue from him or her. In a large corporation, expect to be on a first-name basis only among your peers. If you have subordinates, you as boss dictate the forms of address.

Faux Pas #2: Sending out less-

than-letter-perfect business correspondence. Business correspondence with typos and spelling errors brands you unprofessional. Mailing such letters is tantamount to walking into somebody’s office for a business appointment dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. By your carelessness, you are saying to the addressee, “I’m not concerned with details or surface impressions.” Unfortunately, success in business is largely attributable to these very trappings.

Faux Pas #3: Cursory treatment of business associates’ secretaries. This can be defined as any behavior that would make a secretary dislike you. You should always strive to make secretaries your allies. Their mere proximity to their bosses gives them an edge over you. If a secretary says something disparaging about you, you’ll never know it and won’t be able to defend yourself. All you’ll know is that suddenly the boss stops returning your phone calls and breaks an important appointment with you. Remember, on a subconscious level, many an executive adheres to the old adage: “Anyone who insults my secretary insults me.”

Faux Pas #4: Displaying a cavalier attitude about business telephone calls. Be concise. When you make a business phone call, always identify yourself and state the name of the company you represent. If you are calling a close business associate, you can drop the mention of your company, but you

must still identify yourself by name no matter how many times a day you speak with this person.

Avoid putting anyone on hold because “an important call just came in.” That diminishes the importance of the person to whom you are speaking. In fact, don’t put anyone on hold unless it’s just for a moment to transfer a call.

Never simultaneously talk with someone at your desk while trying to keep up your end of a telephone conversation. If you absolutely must speak to someone in your office in the middle of a phone conversation, excuse yourself politely and cover the phone. Try to have your calls held when someone is in your office.

If you have a secretary, don’t have her place your calls for you unless they are complicated long-distance calls that would take time to complete. Some insecure executives, particularly those in the movie industry, are notorious for using the telephone to play one-upmanship games. Such games are not only silly, they’re offensive and a waste of precious time.

Faux Pas #5: Laxity about making and keeping business appointments. Never drop in on a business associate because you just happen to be passing by. Arriving on someone’s office doorstep without an appointment is rude. By making an appointment in advance, you are granting your business associate dignity by assuming that he or she leads a busy, *orderly* existence.

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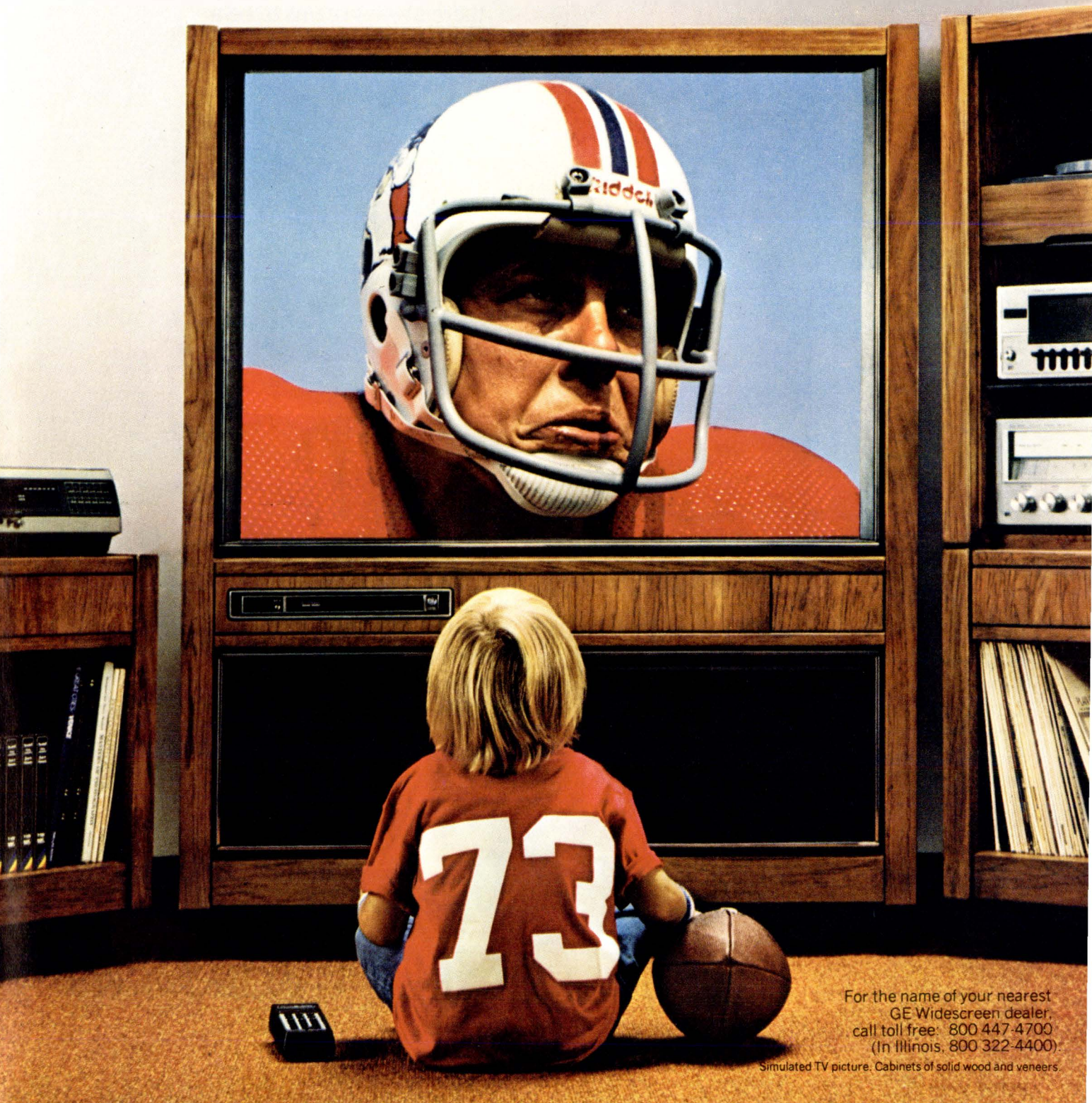
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Career

pointments is another grave mistake. Your tardiness says to the person kept waiting, "My time is more valuable than yours." Viewed from this perspective, tardiness is an insult.

Faux Pas #6: Smoking in the wrong places. Most smokers know enough not to light up in elevators. Unfortunately, too many smokers do light up in reception areas and in people's offices where there are no ashtrays. The rule of thumb is this: if there's no ashtray, don't even ask permission to smoke; just refrain from doing it.

Furthermore, just because it is obvious you can smoke in the reception area of a company, don't assume you are equally welcome to smoke in someone's private office. Extinguish your cigarette *before* leaving the waiting room. If you find an ashtray in your host's private office, still ask his or her permission before you light up.

Faux Pas #7: Giving conflicting signals about who is going to pay the bill when you lunch with a business associate. The words "Let me take you to lunch at Restaurant X" indicate that you intend to host the meal. Taking command at the table is another indication that you intend to pick up the tab. If your idea is to share the tab, the correct way to phrase the invitation is "Let's have lunch together; where should we go?"

Faux Pas #8: Talking solely about business at a business/social occasion. If you have no opinion on any topic other than business or have no outside interests, develop some. Start reading the newspaper daily and take up a hobby. Upwardly mobile people are invariably well-rounded people who are comfortable in all circumstances.

When you lunch with a business

associate, it is customary to discuss nonbusiness matters initially. The person who is hosting the meal generally indicates when the small talk ends and serious discussion begins.

Faux Pas #9: Inviting your boss or other superiors out socially before they have issued any such invitation to you. While it is perfectly acceptable for a boss to invite a subordinate and his or her spouse to dinner, the reverse situation is tricky. Many bosses do not like to be indebted in any way to staff members, because such indebtedness makes it harder for them to treat their employees objectively. Thus, you should not extend a social invitation to your boss unless he or she has entertained you first—or at least made it abundantly clear that you are friends in addition to being business colleagues.

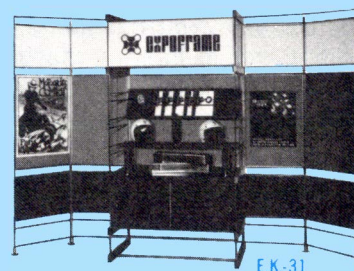
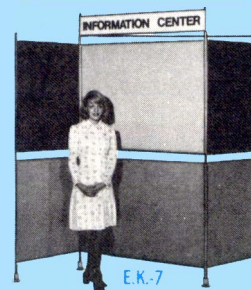
If you have entertained or been entertained by your boss, never try to take advantage of the situation by acting unduly familiar in the office the next day.

Faux Pas #10: Failing to say thank you in writing. Since the advent of the telephone as the principal form of business communication, the practice of writing thank-you notes has waned. Nevertheless, a written expression of thanks remains far superior to a two-sentence aside during a phone conversation. A letter is concrete; a spoken thank-you is ephemeral and easily forgotten.

It is appropriate to send a business thank-you note whenever a colleague has done you even the smallest favor or extended you hospitality. You cannot err on the side of too many thank-you notes. You are making a great mistake, however, if you don't pen enough of them. □

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Books



Illustration: Steve Miller

Self-help Books—Some Best Sellers To Live By

By Joseph Barbato—Self-help books are publishing's yearlong answer to our all-too-fleeting New Year's resolutions. They mirror our mania for self-improvement and getting ahead; witness current best sellers on money (Douglas R. Casey's *Crisis Investing*), personal fulfillment (Wayne W. Dyer's *The Sky's the Limit*) and health (Craig Claiborne's *Gourmet Diet*). The genre has acquired an unsavory reputation of late—perhaps due to overkill—as being full of superficial nonsense about instant success and happiness.

In fact, the self-help classics of recent years include a number of serious efforts—ranging from Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex* (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95, paper) to Stewart Brand's latest self-help resources compendium, *The Next Whole Earth Catalog* (Point/Random House, \$12.50, paper)—that provide valuable information to people who need it.

For example, consider Richard Bolles's job-hunting guide, *What Color Is Your Parachute?* (Ten Speed Press, \$6.95, paper). Twelve years ago, Bolles, a West Coast minister, self-published 100 copies of a modest booklet designed to help his out-of-work colleagues (campus chaplains) find new jobs. His advice, based on interviews with job counselors and other experts across the country, was to forget about the classifieds and the employment agencies and concentrate instead on three basic principles: Know what your skills are. Know where you want to use them. And know who has the power to hire you.

To Bolles's astonishment, he soon began receiving orders for his brightly written book—two thousand in the first year alone—from the Pentagon, General Electric and other organizations. Clearly, many people were interested in hearing the advice he was giving to his minister friends. In 1972, unable to meet the growing demand, Bolles brought *Parachute* to Ten Speed Press. Thus far, it has sold more than one million copies.

Such stories are rare, to be sure. Most self-help books come and, mercifully, go. The best, however short-lived, have something useful to say. If there is a trend among the latest arrivals, it is an emphasis on practical attitudes for survival amid inflation, recession and high-pressure lifestyles.

In *Targets* (Harper and Row, \$9.95), psychiatrist Leon Tec tells how to reach any goal you've set for yourself, whether it's cleaning the basement, losing weight or finding a new job. The key idea is getting organized: planning, setting priorities, using time productively and finding a pleasant side to chores.

Celebrities, of course, abound with advice. The latest word on looking and feeling great comes from Dick Clark, the perennially boyish-looking television personality, in *Looking Great, Staying Young* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$11.95). A bit more unusual, however, is *Living Together* (Simon & Schuster, \$10.95) by Marvin Mitchelson, the Los Angeles lawyer who represented actor Lee Marvin's common-law wife in her "palimony" case. The book's chief merit is his clear

explanation of the law as it applies to the growing number of unmarried couples living together.

Tessa Albert Warschaw, a therapist, covers personal relationships of all kinds in *Winning by Negotiation* (McGraw-Hill, \$10.95), an antidote to the tough-guy approach popularized by Robert J. Ringer (*Winning Through Intimidation*). Step by step, she shows how business-negotiation techniques can be used in everyday life—at home, in the office and elsewhere—to strike bargains ("You wash, I'll dry") in which everybody wins something. In the same vein, therapist Carol Flax and science reporter Earl Ubell tell how adults can get along better with their aging parents in *Mother/Father/You* (Wyden Books, \$10.95).

In consumer matters, on the other hand, it's important to know who to talk to as well as what to say. Syndicated columnist John Dorfman covers both in his *Consumer Tactics Manual* (Atheneum, \$6.95, paper), useful for anyone who has resolved not to take it anymore.

In medical self-help, New York's famed Strang Clinic, a nonprofit group devoted to preventive medicine, offers the first four in a series of paperback "health action plans": *Personal and Family Safety* by Nancy Z. Olson (\$5.95), *How to Stop Smoking* by Marilyn Snyder Halper (\$6.95), *Physical Fitness* by Marilyn Snyder Halper and Ira Neiger (\$6.95) and *Nutrition* by Cheryl Corbin (\$7.95). Published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, the books are short, easy to use and focus on permanent behavioral change. □

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- Reading and Applying Nonverbal Communications
- Understanding Hidden Meanings in What is Said During Negotiation (Meta-Talk)
- Negotiating Philosophies

These Expert Negotiators* Will Share Their Experience With You!

Richard A. Zeif, Esq., is co-founder, secretary and newsletter editor of the Negotiation Institute, Inc. He is a member of the American and New York Bar Associations and a senior partner in the law firm of Nierenberg, Zeif & Weinstein. In addition to being a life-long partner of Gerard I. Nierenberg, he has written and lectured on the Art of Negotiating® throughout the world before hundreds of corporations, associations, unions, public service and governmental groups.

Gerard I. Nierenberg, after spending a lifetime as a professional negotiator, authored the first book on the subject in 1968, and was one of the first to recognize that we are involved in negotiating in one form or another each and every day of our lives.

In 1966, to fill the void of research and information about the negotiating process, Mr. Nierenberg founded the Negotiation Institute, Inc., of which he is the President, and began a pioneering effort to define and explain this critical art. In the past fifteen years he has written six best selling books five of which focus on negotiation and skills necessary to be an effective negotiator.

L. Sterling Ald, an attorney and counselor-at-law, is a partner in the law firm of Nierenberg, Zeif & Weinstein. He has had diversified legal experience in federal, state and international law.

A director of the Negotiation Institute, Inc., Mr. Ald has worked closely with Gerard Nierenberg over the past 10 years on negotiating assignments throughout the world. He has conducted seminars and taught at over 30 universities worldwide, including the University of Wisconsin, the University of Massachusetts, Iowa State University and the University of Denver, and for over 100 organizations including IBM, General Electric Company, American Express and the American Chemical Engineers Association. He has also conducted seminars for various levels of government organizations.

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Old King Sol

**Scientists are finding
that our “smiling sun”
is capable of enormous
outbursts—with
profound effects for
Planet Earth.**

By Dennis Meredith

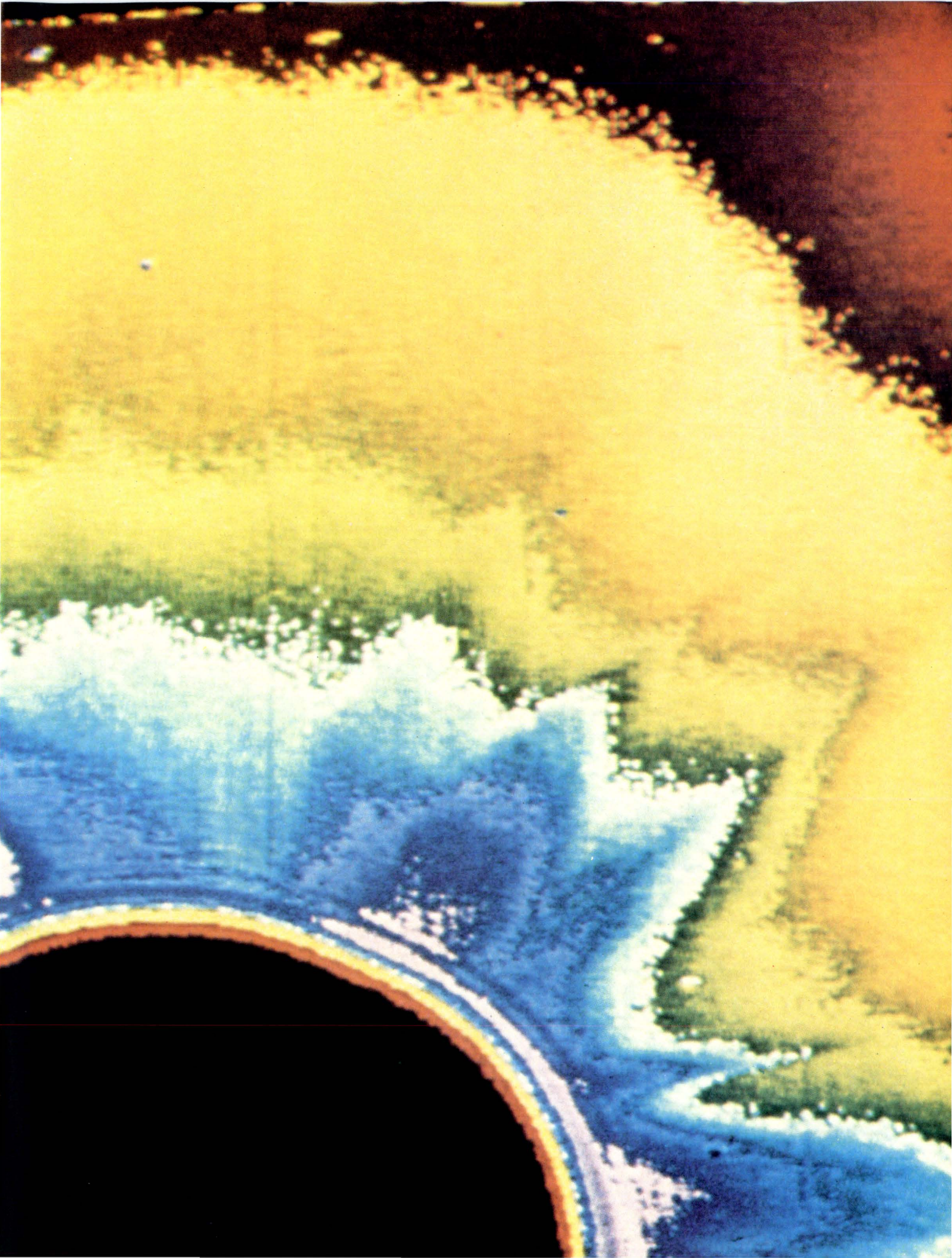
To most of us, the sun is a faithful object that rises obligingly each morning and burns its way steadily across the sky to a predictable sunset. But to scientists trying to understand it, the sun is a great, sloppy, boiling mass of thermonuclear Jello, taunting them with its maddening complexity.

Its eleven-thousand-degrees-Fahrenheit surface is covered with giant seething cells of upwelling material, like water simmering in a pan. Waves of incandescent hydrogen thousands of miles high slosh across its surface, and a sort of solar thunder periodically rings the entire sun like a celestial gong.

But the most fascinating phenomena on the sun are sunspots, dark blotches the size of a dozen earths, that rise from the depths to float across the solar surface. These “cool” blotches, a frigid seven thousand degrees Fahrenheit, mark torturous knots in the sun’s magnetic field, and as they stretch and twist they spark eruptions called solar flares, immense thermonuclear explosions equal to a trillion hydrogen bombs. These explosions, a sort of magnetic lightning, hurl solar plasma millions of miles outward from the surface. They flood the earth with increased levels of radiation and magnetic fields and violent gusts in the solar wind—the stream of high-energy charged particles from the sun that bathes the earth and other planets.

When one of these flares is aimed dead-on at earth, the

A computer-enhanced photograph, taken by the Solar Max satellite, shows the eruption of tons of gas from the sun’s corona.





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Old King Sol

results are spectacular. Elegant auroras dance in the night sky, radar screens are alight with ghost signals, radio communications are disrupted, power lines suffer large surges, and transformers explode. We are now in the midst of a "solar maximum"—a little-understood peak in sunspot and flare activity that occurs about every eleven years.

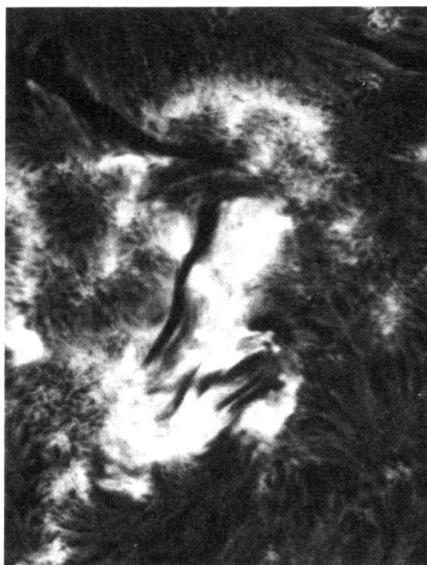
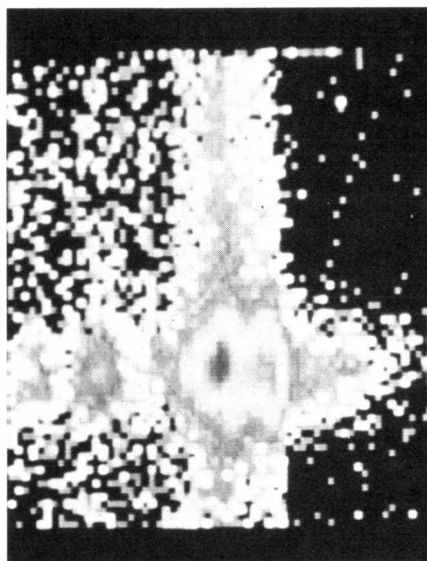
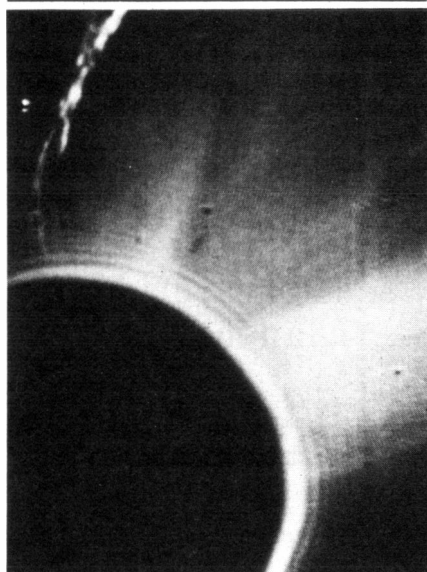
Such tantrums aside, though, it must be admitted that the sun upon which we're absolutely dependent has been very, very good to us. Our middle-aged star, about five billion years old, has burned fairly steady for billions of years, at least long enough for us to evolve under its nurturing glow. A decrease in output of only 5 percent would have transformed our planet into a frozen Earthsicle, and a similar increase would have left earth a baked clod of lifeless dirt.

But how steady is steady? Despite hundreds of years of continual contemplation of the sun, we still don't know.

We don't know why the sun goes through its eleven-year Jekyll-and-Hyde cycle. We don't know whether the energy from the sun waxes and wanes significantly, and whether this subtle variation may affect an earth climate that in the past has seesawed wildly from tropical to ice age, from drought to flood. In fact, we're not even sure if we understand the basics of how the sun shines, burningsix hundred million tons of hydrogen per minute into helium.

One problem has been that our

The dark disk, part of the telescope (top), creates an artificial eclipse that allows scientists a clear view of the corona. The computer-enhanced "profile" of the sun's atmosphere (middle) provides information about temperature, density and pressure. The swirling surface of a solar flare (bottom) can cover millions of square miles.



instruments have almost always been submerged in the ocean of our air and haven't been able to see the sun at wavelengths such as X-rays, gamma rays and ultraviolet waves, which can't penetrate that atmosphere. It's as if we've tried to fill in a paint-by-numbers picture with some of the most important colors missing. The satellites, balloons and rockets that have vaulted above this atmospheric curtain have so far carried only limited sensors to fill in those colors.

Now orbiting above the earth, however, is a five-thousand-pound satellite, known as *Solar Max*, that is capable of capturing solar flares in all their glory and of measuring the tiniest changes in the sun's energy output. Launched last February as part of a worldwide International Solar Maximum Year involving eighteen countries and sixty observatories, the satellite can zero in on flares at all the wavelengths not visible from earth. *Max* also possesses a new instrument for precisely measuring the total energy output of the sun.

Working in concert with ground-based telescopes, *Max* has already gotten the goods on several dozen large flares. Last May 21, for example, *Max* captured in all its glory what might be called the "Better-than-Bo-Derek" flare. It was an awesome event that scientists rated an eleven on an international magnitude scale that had until then reached only to ten.

The flare began, as all do, with an intense burst of X-rays that alerted researchers. The satellite's instruments, as well as a phalanx of ground based telescopes, were brought to bear on the tiny spot on the solar surface that had produced the burst. Within five minutes, the flare had blossomed, eventually covering more than two billion square miles of the sun, equal to the entire surface of the giant planet

Old King Sol

A decrease
of only half a percent
in the sun's output
over a century could
send the world into
an ice age.

Jupiter. During the flare, temperatures in the region shot up to more than a billion degrees Fahrenheit, and the instruments on board *Max* gave the researchers valuable clues about how the explosion was triggered and maintained. One scientist dubbed the capture of the May 21 event "the most significant observation ever made of a solar flare."

Since May, dozens of the snaps, crackles and pops on the sun have been captured, both in full face and in profile, giving scientists a cross-section view of the flare's progress into the corona, or outer atmosphere of the sun.

Learning how the sun produced those flares not only aids our understanding of the sun itself, and thus our long-term future on earth, but it may also help in solving the energy crisis. Nuclear physicists are currently hard at work trying to create fusion, the energy-producing process of the sun, in the laboratory. One major approach is to confine superhot plasmas of hydrogen inside magnetic fields, and that's exactly what the sun is already doing in a solar flare. Thus, flares are convenient experiments at which scientists can have prime, front-row seats.

Besides recording the gorgeous bang of solar flares, *Max* is also detecting the subtle whimpers of changes in overall solar energy. These studies use a new device, built by TRW, called an Active Cavity Radiometer Irradiance Monitor (ACRIM). Basically, this instrument with a mouthful of name consists of a thimble-size black cone that captures a bit of sunshine and precisely measures how it changes in intensity moment to moment.

Scientists using ACRIM have been astounded to discover that our gigantic sun flickers like a modest candle. They detected up-and-down fluctuations in the sun's total out-

put of as much as two-tenths of a percent over a period of days to months. Even such tiny changes are important; a steady drift downward or upward of only half a percent over a century could send the world into or out of an ice age.

The short-period flickers may be due to changes in sunspot and solar-flare activity, according to the instrument's developer, Dr. Richard C. Willson of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California. In any case, Dr. Willson and his colleagues will continue measuring the sun's jitters over many years, using *Max* as well as other satellites and instruments on board the Space Shuttle.

Besides the surprises we've gotten from *Max*'s new high-technology, the old, standard observational methods have recently yielded startling insights into the most important star in our lives. For example, researchers at the sixty-eight-year-old Mt. Wilson solar observatory in California recently announced that the sun, in its rotation, does what amounts to a little hootchy-kootchy dance.

The sun, in the first place, does not rotate as a solid body; it turns faster at the equator than at the poles. This differential rotation strains the north-south lines of magnetic force, bowing them out across the face of the sun. Examining thirteen years of detailed solar observations, Drs. Robert Howard and Barry LaBonte of the observatory found small, subtle alternat-

ing fast and slow lanes in the sun's rotation. These would cause little stretched regions in the large bow of the magnetic field lines, creating major sites of sunspot formation.

Significantly, Howard and LaBonte found that the lanes appeared regularly at the sun's poles and drifted toward the equator, taking twenty-two years for the trip. The entire solar cycle is also twenty-two years, for it consists of a sunspot maximum oriented in one magnetic direction, followed eleven years later by a maximum in the opposite direction, and eleven years after that by a return to the original direction. Thus, the periodicity of these lanes may be highly significant, think the researchers.

The lanes could cause the sunspot increases because of the way they stretch the magnetic field lines. When they arise at the poles, the stretching is only modest; but as they reach the equators, the lanes may have enormously strained the magnetic fields, like a taut rubber band being stretched as it moves down the surface of a basketball. Since such stretching is the producer of sunspots, these lanes, which Howard and LaBonte theorize arise from deep circulation patterns in the sun, could finally explain the eleven-year cycle.

Thus, using both new and old techniques, the sun is beginning to yield its age-old mysteries, and the scientists are not about to let up. Further solar instruments will be flown on satellites and Spacelab, the orbital laboratory to be carried aloft on the Space Shuttle. And in the mid-eighties, NASA hopes to launch twin spacecraft as part of a "Solar Polar" mission.

With such efforts, perhaps someday solar researchers may be able to enjoy a day at the beach without the paranoid feeling that the fiery ball in the sky that makes us all possible is laughing at them. □

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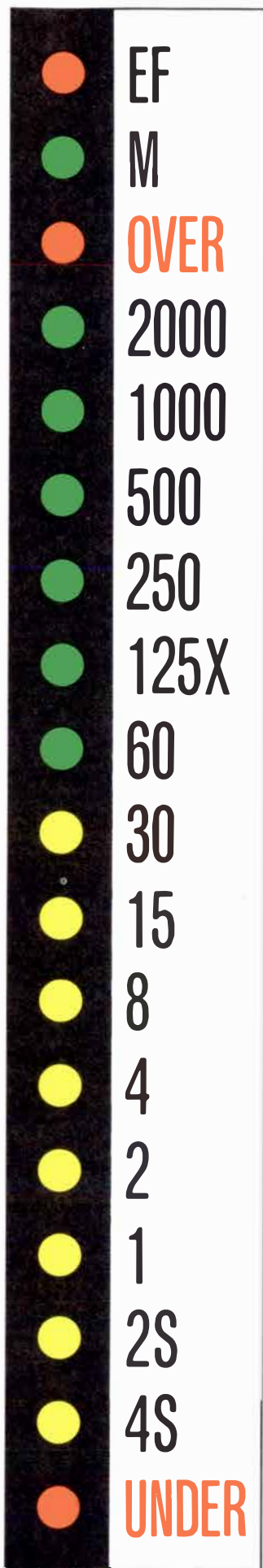
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The Pasta Passion

**Americans
have “discovered”
an old favorite—in all its
tempting varieties.**

By Judith Dan

It seems ironic that, despite our passion for physical fitness, typified by the hoards of runners seen morning and night burning away extra calories, the culinary tastes of those very same people have turned toward that notoriously fattening and richly sauced temptation called pasta.

But pasta is absolutely *it* these days—to the point that *Newsweek* has actually termed it “the Renaissance food of the eighties.” And since it is the Italians who have given it the most attention, Italian pasta parlors are currently in their glory, along with Italian groceries and delicatessens. And this craze has given birth to a new kind of food establishment, the “boutique” specializing in fresh pasta, cheeses and sauces and an upsurge in sales of all kinds of equipment to crank out pasta in your own kitchen.

Despite the Italian connection, however, pasta’s origins are cloudy historically; it seems as though it has always been around, being one of those things that “happened” simultaneously in many different areas. You’ll find it in practically every cuisine imaginable, from Chinese to Middle Eastern to Greek.

What’s the key to pasta’s new popularity? First, it’s quick and convenient: all you need is abundant boiling water (about four quarts of water to about one pound of pasta and approximately one and one-half heaping teaspoons of salt, according to the celebrated Marcella Hazan, author of two of the most important cook books on the Italian cuisine, *The Classic Italian Cook Book* and *More Classic Italian Cooking*, 1976 and 1978, Alfred A. Knopf, publisher). It cooks in approximately eight to

Pasta to please the eye as well as the palate—a colorful braid of spinach, whole-wheat and white-flour spaghetti, tied with tomato fettuccine.

Pasta Passion

ten minutes, with fresh pasta taking even less time, and the many shapes and varieties of pasta together with the many sauces that can be bought or made, means an exciting meal in a short period of time. You'll find a pasta glossary in the aforementioned *More Classic Italian Cooking*, which takes you through pasta compra [store-bought pasta] and homemade varieties from Bucatini [a thick, hollow spaghetti] to zita [a short, tubular shape similar to rigatoni] and Agnolotti [crescent-shaped dumpling, usually stuffed with meat] to Quadrucci [fresh egg pasta cut into quarter-inch squares, used for soup].

Second, pasta itself is not that fattening. Although the word means "paste," it is a paste that is high in protein, carbohydrates and vitamins, low in fat and sodium and less than 210 calories per two ounces. It can be sauced simply with low-calorie fresh pureed tomatoes and a few herbs and spices, or sinfully with butter, cream and cheese, as in the infamous all'Alfredo.

Finally, serving lots of pasta is one way to beat inflation. A pound of pasta can be stretched to feed four for as little as \$3, a bit more if you purchase fresh pasta (about \$2 to \$4 per pound) and a bit less if you are willing to make it yourself.

There is no mystery to the making of fresh pasta. The reward for your efforts is a pasta that cooks in less time than the dried and has a chewy, rich texture and flavor. Most pastas are made with pure semolina flour (made from hard durum wheat) and eggs, while others combine softer flours like all-purpose white with the semolina. To this can be added water (fine mineral water, preferably), spinach, beets, carrots, artichokes, tomatoes and other vegetable pastes, and herbs for color and light flavor. Fresh pasta may be sauced and

frozen and stored in a variety of ways.

"Italians eat with their mouths, never with their eyes," a famed Italian chef once said. Even so, adding to the excitement of pasta dining is the fact that Italian restaurant owners and chefs everywhere are discovering that one way to the American stomach is through something the French and Japanese have always excelled at: dish display. These new efforts in food display, and the experimentation in colorful pastas made with spinach, beets and carrots, has led to cookery that dazzles the eye as well as the tastebuds.

In the ancient Roman settlement of Caere not far from Rome is a tomb famous for its magnificent bas reliefs. Gertrude Harris describes it in *Pasta International*: "Within it are two columns that depict familiar kitchen utensils of the time. One column is of particular interest to us as it shows the utensils for making pasta: a rolling pin, a working surface with a raised rim (to keep flour and water from oozing over the side), a pastry cutter, a knife, a water pitcher and ladle and a bag of flour. They are easily recognizable because, with some modern innovations, they are not too different from those we use today. And these are the only tools one really needs, coupled with time, patience and a certain amount of physical labor."

Modern innovations have made this relatively simple procedure even simpler with both hand-cranked pasta machines and fancy electric versions that knead and cut the pasta dough once it is mixed. The pasta-making equipment listed below is available at gourmet cooking stores and gourmet sections of department stores throughout the country. And Marcella Hazan's books pro-

vide you with step-by-step instructions on how to make, roll and cut it by hand, as well as how to use a hand-cranked machine or the fancy electric version. Prices may vary and should be considered approximate.

Tools of the Trade

The Basics:

A **rolling pin** of the heavy dowel type (not the American ball-bearing type), about 1½ inches in diameter, 32 inches long, made from boxwood with sanded and smooth ends; \$17.50.

A **board**, preferably wood (to give texture to the rolled-out pasta), about 24 inches by 36 inches, for your work surface; \$30.00.

A broad-bladed, well-balanced **knife or Chinese cleaver**; \$15.00 to \$50.00, depending on quality.

A fork to aid in mixing.

The Luxuries:

A **food processor**, such as the Cuisinart, speeds up the time spent mixing the flour and eggs, which, when done by hand, can take up to twenty minutes; \$130.00 to \$250.00.

The **basic manual pasta machine** by Atlas has detachable cutting heads for fettuccine and square spaghetti; \$50.00. Extra heads for various spaghetti sizes, large fettuccine and lasagna are available; \$16.00 each. A special ravioli attachment that stuffs and cuts is also available; \$33.00.

The **Bialetti electric pasta machine** rolls and cuts, halving the normal preparation time. A special advantage is that the nylon heads produce the right texture (the same that's achieved by rolling by hand on a wooden surface), unlike the metal rollers of the hand-cranked variety; \$169.00. Bialetti also makes a machine that mixes as well as rolls and cuts; \$275.00.

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Extras:

Very handy **hardwood pasta-drying rack**; \$20.00.

Cutters for tortellini in different sizes; \$1.75.

Pasta crimper cuts and crimps ravioli; \$3.75.

Pot to boil pasta. There are two schools of thought here: Marcella Hazan insists on a stainless-steel or enameled cast-iron pot (\$60.00 to \$90.00); other authorities endorse an aluminum pot with colander, which lifts the pasta right out of the pot (\$25.00). Either will work.

Pasta bowls, round (11 inches and 14 inches) and oval (16 inches), make for a thorough mix owing to their shallowness; \$10.00 to \$22.50.

Hardwood pasta forks make it easier to toss the pasta. Two sizes of tines are available; \$3.50 a pair.

A hand-cranked tomato press seeds and skins and doesn't incorporate air. The result is the succulent pulp; \$29.00.

The **electric cheese grater** by Bialetti is for hard cheeses such as Romano and Parmesan. The resulting texture resembles that of hand-grated rather than food-processed cheese. And texture is what affects the way the cheese is incorporated into foods; \$67.50.

Come and Get It

Here are four easy-to-master recipes you can try, and should your interest be further ignited, there are many fine books to further add fuel to the fire.

Pesto alla Genovese

Genoese Basil Sauce—Serves 5-6

A true Italian classic that "purists" insist can only be made in a mortar and pestle. True, the mortar and pestle method results in a richer flavor, but the ingredients are identical. And those ingredients are the simplest: fresh basil,

garlic, cheese, olive oil and pine nuts. What differs is the procedure. The season for basil is a short one, but do not despair; this sauce freezes well, so you may enjoy it throughout the year.

Blender Pesto:

2 cups fresh basil leaves—be gentle in handling, and do not crush as you tear larger leaves into smaller bits and gently pack to measure.

½ cup olive oil

2 tablespoons pine nuts

2 cloves of garlic, lightly crushed and peeled

1 teaspoon salt

½ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

2 tablespoons freshly grated Pecorino Romano cheese

3 tablespoons butter, softened to room temperature

Noodles for 5-6 persons (linguine, fettuccine or spaghetti)

1. Put the basil, olive oil, pine nuts, garlic and salt in the blender (or food processor) and mix at high speed. Make sure all the ingredients are evenly blended, stopping and scraping the bowl to ensure this.

2. When the ingredients are well blended, pour into a bowl and beat in the two grated cheeses by hand. This results in a more interesting texture and better flavor than when you mix in the cheese in the blender. However, you may choose to continue making the sauce in the blender and add the cheeses directly to the other ingredients in the blender. When the cheese has been evenly mixed into the other ingredients, beat in the softened butter. The resulting sauce should be thick like a mayonnaise.

3. Before spooning the pesto over the pasta of your choice, add to it a tablespoon of the hot water in which the pasta has boiled. ►

Pasta Passion

4. When freezing, mix all the ingredients, but do not add the cheese or butter. Store in jars or other tightly sealed containers in the freezer. Thaw overnight slowly in the refrigerator. When thawed, beat in the grated cheeses and butter, and before serving drain the water from the boiling pasta. Serve in the usual manner.

Spaghetti alla Carbonara

Spaghetti with raw eggs and Italian bacon—Serves 4–5

This is a celebrated Roman dish. And now that pancetta, a mild, cured, unsmoked Italian bacon, is more and more readily available, it makes sense to add this to your pasta repertoire. You can, of course, use smoked American bacon—in fact, some insist on it—but the flavor of smoke is not usually associated with Italian food. If you prefer pancetta, and it is not available in any local Italian delicatessen, use bacon blanched in boiling water.

½ pound pancetta cut in a single slice ½ inch thick, or an equal amount of regular slab bacon
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 tablespoon butter
4 garlic cloves, lightly crushed and peeled
¼ cup dry white wine
Salt
1 pound spaghetti
3 eggs
¼ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese
Freshly ground black pepper
2 tablespoons parsley, finely chopped

1. Cut the pancetta or bacon into strips less than ¼-inch wide.
2. Put oil, butter and garlic into a saucepan and turn heat to medium. When the garlic becomes a deep, gold color, discard it.
3. Put the pancetta or bacon into the pan, saute until it begins to crisp at the edges.

4. Add wine and let it boil for a moment, then turn off the heat.

5. Bring 4–5 quarts of water to a boil, add 2–3 tablespoons salt, and when the water returns to a boil, put in the spaghetti.

6. Take the bowl in which you will be serving the spaghetti and break three eggs into it. Beat them lightly, then mix both cheeses and a grinding of pepper and the parsley into them.

7. When the spaghetti is tender, but firm to the bite, drain it and put it into the bowl with the egg and cheese mixture. Toss until it is well coated. Reheat the pancetta or bacon over high heat and pour it over the bowl of spaghetti. Toss and serve immediately.

Fettuccine all'Alfredo

Fettuccine tossed in cream and butter—Serves 5–6

Whether there really was an Alfredo is irrelevant. Second to spaghetti and meatballs, this dish has come to symbolize Italian cookery. It is one of the simplest dishes to make, provided you use the freshest ingredients—fine, homemade pasta, the freshest cream and the finest Parmesan cheese, freshly grated.

1 cup heavy cream
3 tablespoons butter
Salt
Fettuccine, enough to serve 5–6
¾ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese
Freshly ground pepper
A very tiny grating of nutmeg

1. In a flameproof cook-and-serve pan, in which you will later serve the fettuccine, put ¾ cup of the cream and all the butter and simmer over medium heat for less than a minute, until the butter and cream have thickened. Turn off the heat.
2. Bring 4 quarts of water to a boil.

Add 2 tablespoons of salt and drop in the fettuccine. Cover the pot until the water returns to a boil. Fresh fettuccine will be done a few seconds after the water returns to a boil. Packaged fettuccine will take longer. But in either case, cook firmer than usual, because it will continue to cook in the pan. Drain and transfer to the pan containing the butter and cream.

3. Turn the heat under the pan to low, add the rest of the cream, all the cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper and nutmeg. Toss until the cream has thickened and the fettuccine is well coated. Serve immediately with a bowl of additional grated cheese on the side.

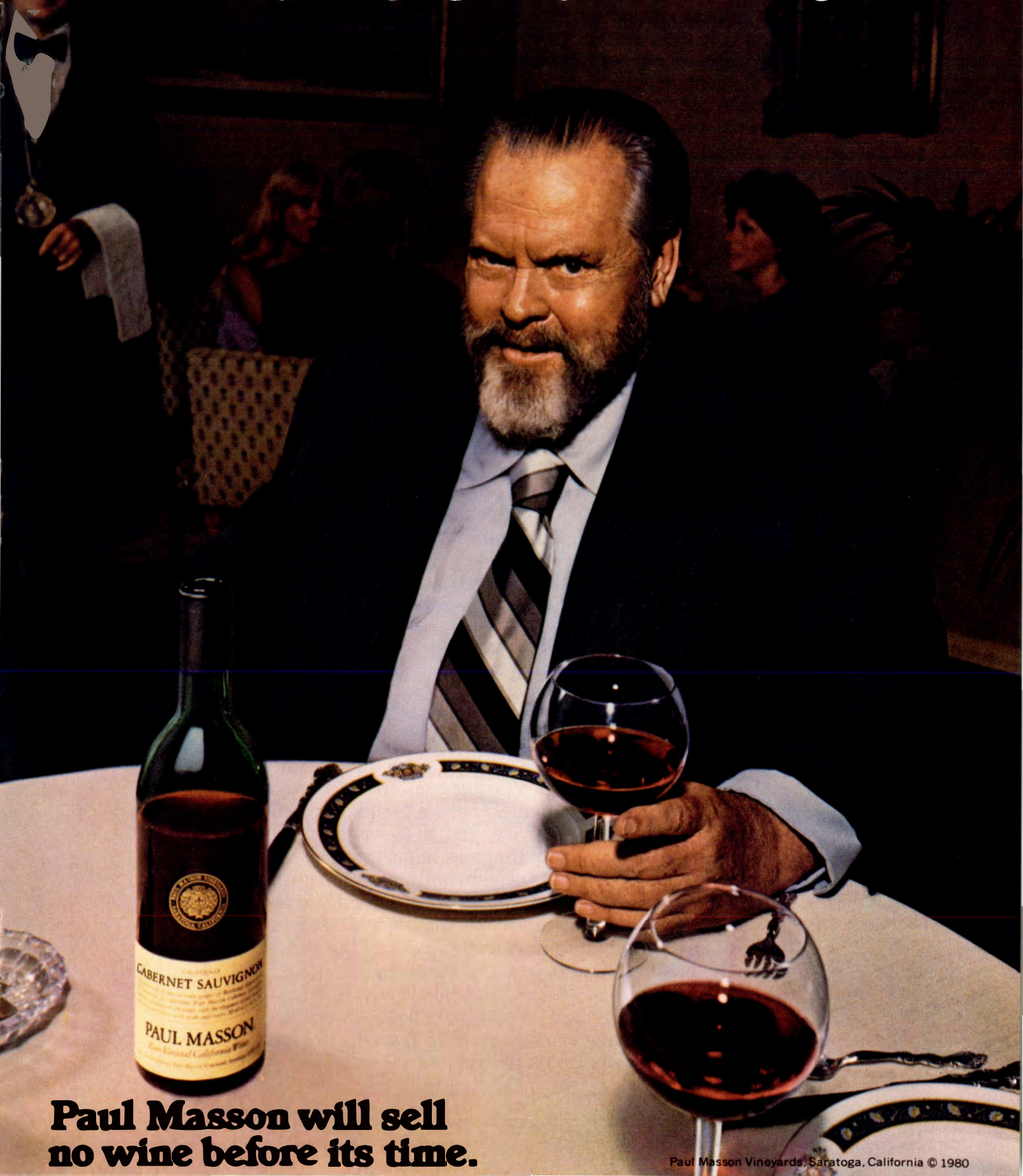
Tomato Sauce—Serves 6

This is a tomato sauce with no vegetables other than onion. It is seasoned simply with salt and a tiny amount of sugar. It has no olive oil, only butter. It's easy to make. Now all of this is well and good—simple ingredients, easy to make—but what's so special? It's the essence of pure tomatoes.

2 pounds fresh, ripe plum tomatoes
¼ pound butter
1 medium yellow onion, peeled and halved
Salt
¼ teaspoon granulated sugar

1. Wash tomatoes in cold water. Cut in half, lengthwise. Cook in a covered saucepan until they have simmered for 10 minutes.
2. Puree the tomatoes through a food mill back into the pot. Add the butter, onion, 1 ½ teaspoons salt and sugar and cook at a slow but steady simmer uncovered for 45 minutes. Taste and add more salt if desired to taste. Discard the onion. If using canned tomatoes, use 2 cups tomatoes and their juice and start the recipe at step 2. □

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The Sweet Spot In Time

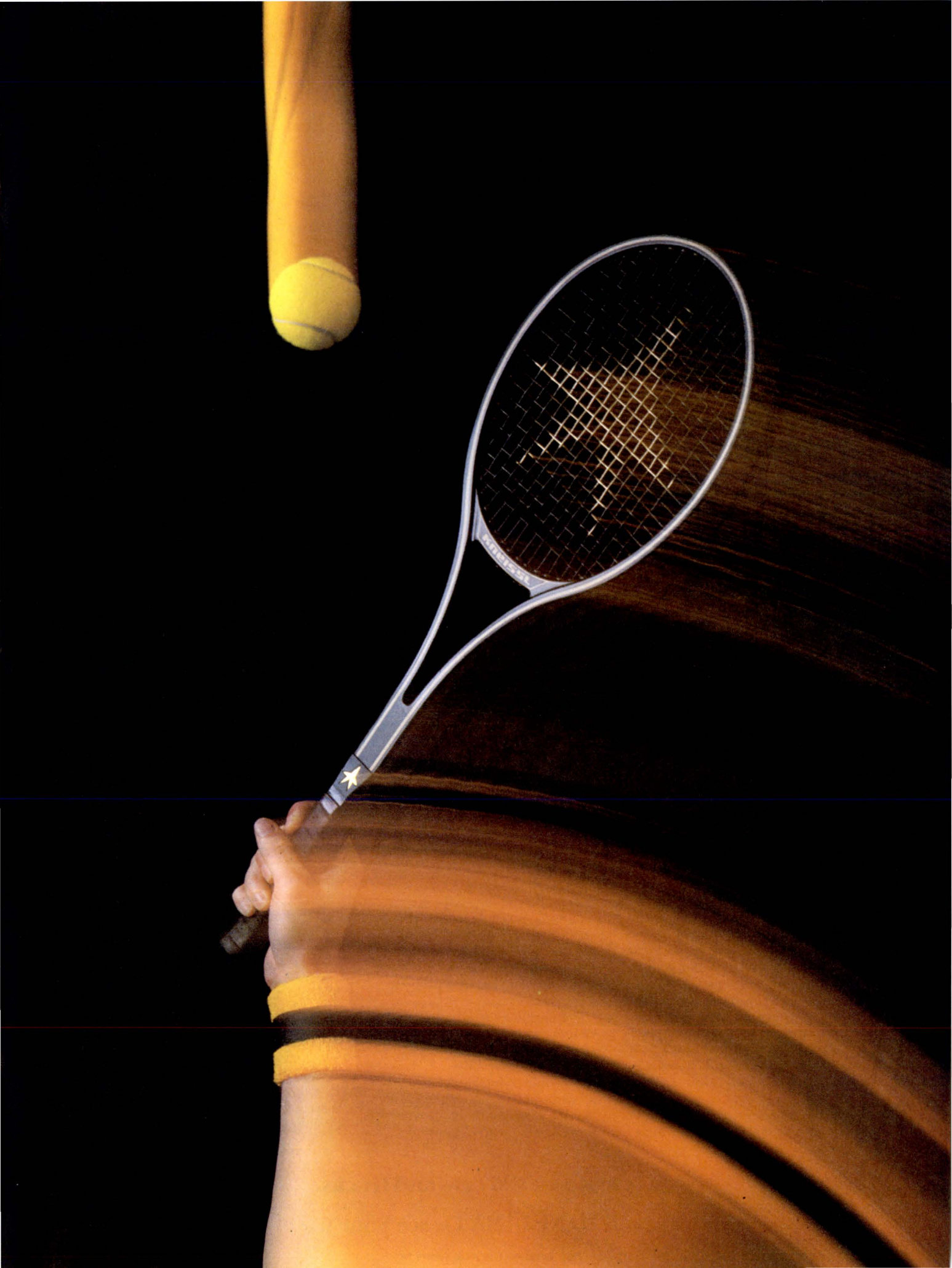
**In athletic competition,
mind and body often create
transcendent moments
of perfection.**

By John Jerome

As a kid I spent a lot of time throwing rocks. The best place to do it was under a bridge, where there were always plenty of rocks and bottles—targets as well as missiles. You set up the bottles on one mudbank, then crossed over to the other side and you were in your own private shooting gallery. It was the only childhood activity I knew that ever involved anything like a warm-up. You would start out just lobbing the rocks, gradually working up the pace (“velocity,” as the ball-players now say) until you were zinging them in pretty hard, beginning to get the range. Finally, everything warm and working well, your arm loose, feeling strong, you’d find yourself really powering each throw, rearing back in unaffected natural windup, bringing them home. There is peculiar appeal in such rhythmic, repetitive activity, and this was one you could really bear down on. I think that was important.

I never indulged in baseball fantasies—bottom of the ninth with two men out, that kind of thing. I knew perfectly well what I was doing: I was throwing rocks, that was all. It was enough. I can still summon up in memory the way the rocks sizzled into the mudbank—and, now and then, sizzled into an old whiskey bottle with a satisfying *pop!* (Environmental damage hadn’t been recognized yet; whiskey bottles were expendable because only they brought no cash refund.) I never did get to play much baseball, but I always had a strong throw-

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Sweet Spot

“
I recall the
haunting power I felt
when I knew as the
stone left my hand
that it would hit
its target.”

ing arm. Mostly I recall the haunting power I felt on that occasional throw when I knew as the stone left my hand that it was going to hit its target.

Biomechanics is the study of the mechanics of animate structures. It tells us that every human movement, from raising a cup of tea to the lips to pole vaulting eighteen feet, is a product of levers moving through arcs. The joint is the fulcrum; the limb, or segment of limb, is the lever. Complicated movements require the arcs to be linked in series, but the arc is the inevitable basic unit, since at least one end of every segment is attached somewhere. This reductionist notion leads me to propose a Sweet Spot Theory of Performance. It is a way of perceiving good athletes (and various other performers) that can add a certain richness to the enjoyment of sports (and various other activities) for spectators as well as for participants.

If you've played any stick-and-ball game you are familiar with the wonderful sensation of hitting the sweet spot. You swing the implement—bat, racket, golf club, whatever—as usual, but you meet the ball a little more accurately than usual, make contact more squarely. The ball simply takes off: a remarkably smooth, easy, yet forceful result. In one sense the sweet spot is almost audible. When you hit it there is a characteristic sound—a sharp *click* (golf), *crack* (baseball), *whock* (tennis). A clearer signal comes not from the sound or the sight of the ball's flight, however, but from the startling information you get through the implement itself. It doesn't vibrate. No shock is transmitted to the hands. It is as if new force is created within the implement, exploding the ball into flight, driving it away harder than you actually swung at it.

Hitting the sweet spot is such a compelling sensation that a large part of our insistence on playing these stick-and-ball games may come from the desire to reexperience that *click* of a perfectly hit shot. The feeling is almost mystical. There is nothing unreal about the actual spot, however. A biomechanist named Peter Cavanagh explained the lab procedures for determining it. “The sweet spot is not a figment of the imagination,” he told me. “It is a mechanical reality in the implement, the center of percussion. Set up a baseball bat with oscillating machinery and you can determine the exact spot where, if you hit a ball there, minimum jarring will be transferred back to the hand. That spot will also likely give you the best shot. Of course, when you put a human being on the end of the implement, the problem gets much more complicated.”

We throw the word “perfect” around much too freely in sports, but for the moment let's assume that the 450-foot home run, for example, is a perfect stroke. It very likely comes off the sweet spot of the bat, but it also has a great deal of force behind it, which by some statistical miracle is lined up so that it is applied in a straight line through the dead center (another sweet spot) of the round baseball as well as through the center line of the round bat. Furthermore, this towering blast, as the sportswriters like to say, comes off a bat that

is swung in a near perfect trajectory: a sweet line, so to speak. The bat moves through so true and even a trajectory that the ball is caught not only at the optimum spot along the length and width of the bat, but also at the perfect point in the arc of the swing to give it maximum force and distance. In effect, bat and ball meet at a sweet spot in time—a point in time in the arc. Or, perhaps, at an intersection of time and space. Thus we say the athlete hit the ball with perfect timing. There is even more exquisite timing to come.

The Sweet Spot Theory of (Sports) Performance goes like this: All athletic movement—all human movement—is generated by muscles pulling across joints to make limbs move. Grossly oversimplifying the baseball swing, for example, the batter cocks his shoulders and arms back away from the pitch, then begins the swing by rotating his hips, his lower body and his shoulders toward the pitcher. After the shoulders get into motion, the upper arms start through, as in crack-the-whip; to the speed generated by rotation of the shoulder is added the speed of the upper arms as they are swung into action. After the upper arms are firmly launched, they pull the forearms into motion; after the forearms reach maximum velocity (actually, after the pitch has been met—or missed), the wrists “break,” rolling over and bringing the hands through—the last and shortest pair of levers in the chain of action.

Each segment of this motion is an arc working off an arc; each is carefully timed to start as the previous arc reaches the best possible point. The superior athlete, according to my theory, anyway, is the one who in effect reaches the sweet spot of the arc for each segment of his or her skeleton as he or she goes through the athletic motion. The

Sweet Spot

“There are chains of sweet spots within the human frame, if we can only learn to use them. Reggie Jackson has learned how.”

shoulders swing to the optimum point in the arc and at that instant the upper arms are launched into their arcs; at the optimum point of the arc traveled by the upper arms, the forearm motion is launched, and so on. Every good athletic motion has a crack-the-whip aspect to it, a chain of accelerating arcs, each taking the motion at the maximum from the arc before and using that speed to multiply its own acceleration. (Or, if less force is required, taking the motion at the best point in the arc for purposes of accuracy, and so on.) The sweet spots in the skeleton move around, of course, according to the purpose of the athletic motion, the implements used and hundreds of other variables. There are whole chains of sweet spots within the human frame, if we can only learn to use them. Reggie Jackson has learned how to use them. Lynn Swann has learned how to use them.

There's more to this theory. Every human joint—the fulcrum point of each of those arcs—has several components of motion available to it. Some joints, such as the shoulder, work easily through several planes of motion; some, like the knee, are structured to move only through a single plane—to and fro, or up and down, or back and forth, but in no additional directions. Because of structural anomalies within and beyond the joint itself, however—loose ligaments, misalignments and other angularities—no joint moves purely within a single plane. For the sweet lines, the true trajectories which will allow each segment of the skeleton to swing precisely through the sweet spots, angular displacement must somehow be removed. All else being equal, the better athlete should be the one who either has been blessed with superior alignment in the joints, or somehow can overcome the misalignments and

can control the trajectories and keep them true.

The good athlete must be able to damp out the assorted wobbles and wasted motions and other excursions that would otherwise screw up the true trajectories. The motor-learning experts say, however, that ballistic motions cannot be guided once they are launched, which would preclude that kind of control. If so, then the good athlete must launch these trajectories with a great deal more accuracy than can you or I. Of course, the motor-learning people don't get to work with Reggie Jackson very often. I suspect that the good athlete does both. Through practice he or she learns to initiate motions with considerably more accuracy than the lesser athlete and also learns to damp out extraneous motion as the act progresses. In fact, I think the really superior athlete can do a great deal more in this regard.

A former ballplayer I know named Don Hewett used to advise his children, “You have to have the confidence to *take the time*” (to make the catch, to get to the return, to control the implement). Focusing on time slows it down. Next time you're having trouble with any quick-reaction sport—squash, racquetball, even table tennis or badminton—try telling yourself you have more time than you think you have. You'll find another several inches of incoming trajectory to work with, during which you can

focus on and prepare to make your return.

Most infield errors occur because the fielder starts his play before he catches the ball. A lot of dropped forward passes fall to the turf because the receiver starts avoiding tacklers before he finishes catching the football. This is the tireddest cliché in sports, of course—“Look the ball into your hands,” even “Keep your eye on the ball”—but it illuminates a little more territory when it is understood in terms of available time. The good performer simply takes all the time there is—for the particular move. There is a sweet spot in time for catching a ball just as there is for hitting one. The same capacities are at work, the same judgmental control of linked arcs—right down to the closing of the fingers—is involved. The sweet spot in time is merely the true finish of the move. Ah, but that is one hell of a “merely.”

Finishing the move is a startlingly important aspect of performing, although I have been unable to find a clear explanation of why it is so critical. The quickest indication of an unskilled dancer, gymnast, diver, figure skater is the hurried move, which, surprisingly, doesn't come from starting the move too soon but from neglecting to finish the move that preceded it, cutting it off short of the sweet spot in time. It is a paradox: taking time to finish one move somehow gives you more time to get the next one started right. (Finishing the move probably restores the neuromuscular machinery to equilibrium, and thus gives you a new starting place.) Mikhail Baryshnikov has time. So does Julius Erving.

Confidence, as in the advice from Don Hewett, may not seem to be the ultimate tool for getting control of the time sequence of performance, but it certainly helps. Concentration, that utter mystery,

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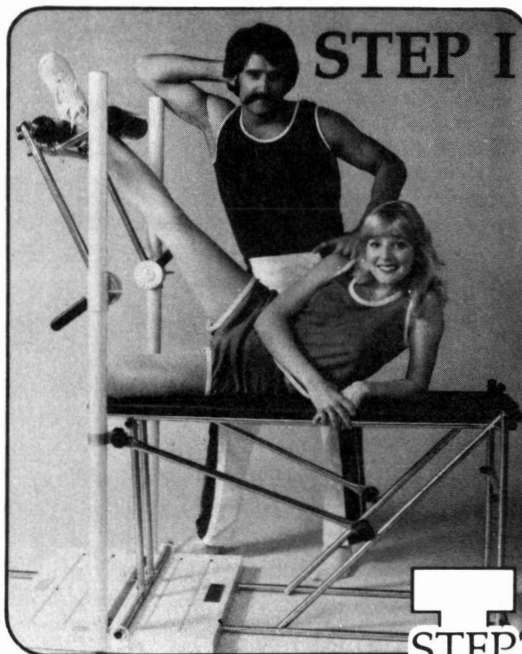
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Sweet Spot

helps more. (Concentration slows time, as all of us obsessives know perfectly well.) Confidence allows you not to rush; concentration lets you have the time to choose when to rush. People who have played golf with Jack Nicklaus come away muttering about his absolutely frightening powers of concentration. They used to say the same about Ben Hogan. The same thing must be true of all outstanding performers, in sports and elsewhere.

I am haunted by the moment when the rock I threw went precisely where I wanted it to go. That moment hardly developed purely out of concentration, although it wasn't sheer accident, either. I think I probably stumbled onto several of the sweet spots in the same throw, and the result was simply a coming together, a moment when what my mind intended was matched by what my body accomplished. A momentary healing of the mind-body split, to overdignify it.

It is my thesis—the Sweet Spot Theory—that this is true magic, the only magic there is. I am suggesting that there is a line between the banality of my rock-throwing experience—included here as a deliberately ridiculous example of Everykid's uncomprehending brush with performing magic—and the sublimity of Baryshnikov's great leaps. Along that line can be located much of the rest of what we refer to as magic in sports—from tennis players playing "in the zone" (Billie Jean King's last Wimbledon singles title) to Reggie Jackson's three consecutive World Series home runs to Bob Beamon's "mutation performance" long jump in the 1968 Olympics, a foot longer than anyone else ever jumped, before or since. On those occasions something magic did happen. A group of world-class marathoners was re-

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cently surveyed about their best performances; most of them spoke of some particularly fulfilling moment when "mind and body" seemed to "come together." Several of them used the word: magic. It was magic when that happened.

For several years now I've been trying to get a handle on the link that connects what seem to me to be *sensual* sports—skiing, surfing, cycling and other sports and recreations that we practice noncompetitively, for the sheer pleasure of the act. (Many of them can be made competitive, of course, and many purely competitive sports offer the same kind of sensual pleasures.) Slicing across the face of a wave, leaning a bike into a high-speed turn, getting a solid edge-set in good snow—so that that, too, is an act you can bear down on—are experiences so similarly pleasurable and so distinctive a sheer physical joy that they must be related, but in ways I'd never been able to grasp.

Now I think that sweet spots provide the link. I think we play at these sports in large part just for the pleasure of getting the timing right, of feeling the physical forces fall into the sphere of our control. What's more, we get a different version of the same pleasure from watching others play at them. It can be ineffably moving to watch a performer control time, placing his or her movements—steps, motions, strokes, blows, notes—where he or she wants them in time, where the sweep of action will best be continued. Where the discipline and the performer's imagination combine to create something vivid in an otherwise rigid frame. And that placement, that sensual touch, that finger of magic on the precise point in time that is such a sweet spot, is so satisfying that it must be why we play. □



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Window on the West

**Albert Bierstadt's
nineteenth-century landscapes
built a romantic bridge
between a young nation and
its new frontier**

In 1859, when Albert Bierstadt left New York for the arduous journey West, he was one of few Americans to do so. The fact that Bierstadt was an artist, a landscape painter who would record his awed impressions of the vast and majestic country, was even more significant. For most Americans would never see the natural wonders that Bierstadt and other artists of the day portrayed for them. Perhaps never before or since have artists such as Bierstadt wielded such power. His vision of America became America's vision of itself.

But not only did Bierstadt's paintings help America see itself, they helped America decide what to *do* with itself as well. His glowing canvases helped Congress to recognize the need to preserve some of the country's pristine wilderness as national parks. One of the works that inspired Congress was *Yosemite Valley*, painted in 1868. In the painting, which took him five years to complete, Bierstadt lavished minute attention to detail, creating almost lifelike leaves and grasses. But the 36" x 54" canvas is known chiefly for its striking luminescence.

Though Bierstadt traveled widely (he was one of the first passengers aboard the transcontinental railroad to San Francisco in 1871) and painted landscapes wherever he went, his pure visions of the West remained the most popular. The only group he failed to win over were the critics.

Eventually public opinion caught up with critical judgment, and the popularity of Bierstadt's work declined for a while. Nowadays, though, with museums and art historians showing renewed interest in the art of the West, his paintings are once again prized. His works hang in New York's Metropolitan Museum, and in smaller museums in thirty-five states.

In the context of American art, Bierstadt's place seems assured largely because, in the words of his biographer, Gordon Hendricks, "Bierstadt helped people love the West and be proud of it."—Ellen Alperstein

Yosemite Valley by Albert Bierstadt, 1868, 36" x 54", oil on canvas





Village charms
and vertical challenges
have kept
generations of skiers . . .

High On Vermont

By Paul Robbins



You're gliding off at the top of the chair lift at one of Vermont's Green Mountain

ski resorts, and just before plunging down that snowy chute, you pause to look around. The view you are likely to encounter is one you thought didn't exist anymore. From the top of the rounded, rocky ridge, you see valleys spread away, dotted with dark red barns, white farm-

houses with smoking chimneys, thin clapboard church spires and, yes, even covered

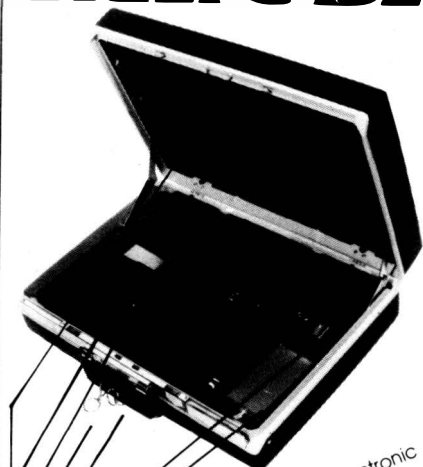
bridges. With one more glance at the Grandma Moses landscape, you push off, down a run at any one of Vermont's ski areas.

The serene beauty of Vermont's Green Mountains—not to mention their dozens of ski resorts and hundreds of miles of ski trails—has been

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High on Vermont

drawing skiers for fifty years. In fact, Vermont was the birthplace of skiing in this country. Stowe was staging winter carnivals, complete with downhill races and ski jumping, in the early twenties. The nation's first ski tow—a rope tied to the axle of a jacked-up Model A Ford—dragged skiers up a Stowe Slope in 1934. Though they can't match the sculpted majesty of the Rockies or the Alps, the Green Mountains, which run the entire length of the state, offer most of the finest skiing in the East. The first snows of winter are the signal for thousands of skiers to head for the glacier-carved snowbowls and craggy ridges of Vermont's ski country.

But what about those winters when the snowfall is a little stingy? That's the least of your worries in the Green Mountains. Unlike resorts elsewhere that are totally dependent on the elements, Vermont ski resorts can make their own snow. Killington, Sugarbush, Stratton Mountain and others have perfected the art of blanketing their trails with snow shot from guns. It would fool even Mother Nature.

In the mid-sixties, Bromley Ski Area gave snowmaking a big boost when it installed a million-dollar system. Today Killington has the most extensive—and expensive—network of snowmaking in the world, with thirty-eight miles of trails covered. Despite the fact that 1979 was nearly snowless, Killington's trails were open for business all winter and much of the spring.

"Snowmaking is, very simply, the price of doing business in the ski industry these days," says Foster Chandler, vice-president and director of marketing for Killington and its sister operation in southern Vermont, Mount Snow. "If there's no snow, there's no skiing. Snow-

making is our insurance policy in case Mother Nature goes into one of her fickle moods and gets stingy with natural snow."

Roy Cohen, president of Sugarbush and Sugarbush North, is also completely sold on the artificial stuff. During the summer of 1979, Sugarbush North installed snowmaking to the summit.

But Cohen also points to a second factor he feels is essential to the growth of Eastern ski resorts. "We conduct skier surveys each winter, and we keep getting the same responses," he says. "They want some kind of guarantee that we'll have snow, *and* they want more on-mountain lodging and services." As skiers become more sophisticated, they are demanding complete base-area villages—those all-in-one, ski-to-it complexes that enable ski weekers to bunk on the mountain-side and ski or stroll to restaurants, discos and sports facilities.

Europe has long offered skiers the convenience of ski villages clustered at the foot of lifts and trails. Western resorts have followed suit, most notably Vail, Colorado, which sprang out of valley grazing land in 1962 and is now a town that encompasses 15,000 beds, 120 shops and 100 or more restaurants and lounges. Eastern resorts are just now catching up with this idea, forced in part by gas-conscious skiers and by their own desire to develop as much of their property as possible.

The current season will find many of Vermont's ski areas substantially improved, both in the quality of skiing and in the numbers of skiers they can accommodate. Here's an area-by-area survey that lets you in on what's new.

● **Bolton Valley**, a secluded, medium-sized area that was one of the region's first self-contained resorts, has the highest base elevation in the East and has never



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High on Vermont

“Eight Olympic teams trained at Vermont ski areas last winter, before and during the Olympics at Lake Placid.”

needed machine-made snow. Nevertheless, figuring it's better to be safe than sorry, they have installed snowmaking equipment to cover several trails. New at Bolton this year are another dozen mountain-side condominiums, a new nursery and expanded cross-country trails.

- **Bromley** has created a new beginner ski area.

- **Burke Mountain** boasts expanded snowmaking facilities and six new slopeside condominiums.

- **Killington**, with six more miles in its snowmaking system, four more trails (bringing the total to seventy-five, an Eastern record), and major trail improvements, is reshaping skiers' traffic patterns.

- **Mount Snow** has added snowmaking to three more trails, widened about a dozen trails and built twenty-eight condominiums.

- **Pico Peak** has installed the only new chair lift in Vermont and has taken some of the sting out of the Upper Giant Killer Trail, a tricky chute from the summit.

- **Smugglers' Notch**, located on the flip side of the ridgeline from Stowe and Mount Mansfield, has blossomed in the last two or three years, thanks to its snowmaking equipment. This winter, Smugglers' introduces Club Smugglers, modeled on Club Med. During mid-week periods, \$495 per person covers lodging, lifts, lessons, breakfast and dinner, with unlimited wine or beer. "We couldn't even think about it," says Operations Director Brad Moore, "if we weren't sure we'd have snow for skiing. The indoor pool is fine, so is the indoor tennis court down the road, but it's the skiing that everyone really wants. Snowmaking makes it possible."

- **Sugarbush Valley** is unmatched by any area in the East for the creature comforts clustered at its base and on the mountain. Sugarbush boasts hundreds of condominiums, plus hotels, restaurants

and shops. The million-dollar Sugarbush Sports Center includes indoor and outdoor pools and tennis, squash, racquetball, handball, exercise room, massage room, saunas and whirlpools, pro shop, courtside restaurant and lounge and even a hair salon. A free shuttle bus runs continuously between the base areas of Sugarbush and Sugarbush North, which are about four miles apart.

But saunas, discos and restaurants are the fringe benefits, not the main attraction at Vermont's ski areas. It's the quality of the skiing that draws people to the Green Mountains. One testimonial to its caliber is the fact that eight Olympic teams trained at Vermont areas

last winter, before and during the Olympics at Lake Placid.

Though the Olympic alpiners skied the tough stuff, Vermont offers ski trails for every skier, from beginner to expert. Bromley has taught beginners on the Lord's Prayer and Plaza Slope hills since the area opened in 1937. Killington's Snowshed is another well-known learning hill.

At the expert end of the scale, there are Stowe's matchless Goat, National, Starr and Liftline trails. Killington's new Bear Mountain introduced the steepest trail in the East, with an average grade of over 45 degrees. Mount Snow's Jaws of Death run may not quite live up to its name, but its North Face comes close. Regulars at Mad River Glen applaud its twisting, bucking, heaving expert trails and chutes. Sugarbush, though it has trimmed some of its heartstopping runs, still rates on any list with Stein's Run.

Beginner hill or expert run, no matter which you choose, there's one thing you can be certain of this winter: Vermont will snow you. □

Amtrak's Ski Packages

Amtrak gives skiers a lift this season with discounts of 35 percent off the regular roundtrip fare to some of the finest slopes in Vermont, as well as New York and Canada. Great ski weather means great travel weather, too, when you go by train. There's no need to worry about getting snowed in. Amtrak's ski packages include all transfers between the train station and your accommodations, as well as shuttle-bus service to the lifts, so a car is unnecessary.

For the budget-minded, there are ski weekends that include lift tickets and lessons for as little as \$105 per person, double occupancy (plus train fare). For a luxurious week's vacation, you can find

slopeside condominiums, stocked with food, for \$485 per person, double occupancy (plus train fare). Choose a basic Amtrak package or one with all the trimmings—meals, ski lessons and rental equipment. Stay for a weekend or a week, at a luxury hotel or a cozy inn. Whichever package you choose, the 35 percent discount applies.

You can pick a ski plan that takes you to Sugarbush Valley, Stowe, Smugglers' Notch, Killington, Jay Peak or Bolton Valley in Vermont; to Lake Placid in New York, or to the Laurentian Mountains or Mont Ste. Anne in Quebec, Canada. For details on the wide variety of ski packages available, contact your nearest Amtrak office or travel agent. Happy schussing!

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A Car Is Born

**Former General Motors
wunderkind
John DeLorean—and
the two great
loves in his life—are
making waves on
both sides of the Atlantic**

By Gary Witzenberg



Photos: Tony Korody/Sigma

It was a Sunday night in April eight years ago when John Zackery DeLorean, then a General Motors group vice-president, arrived in New York City. The next day he would sign an official letter of resignation in the GM chairman's office, ending his seventeen-year, highly successful career at the giant corporation.

Some say he was fired, but the GM position (and his) was that DeLorean, heir apparent to the GM presidency, had quit of his own volition. Later he would say that it was far from an

John DeLorean, *left* (and with wife Cristina Ferrare, *above*), poses confidently on his stainless-steel DMC-12 sportscar, to be produced in Northern Ireland.





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AMERICA'S GETTING INTO TRAINING

A Car Is Born

“We have to be a prestigious company with a first-class product. Our whole concept is that we do it right or we won't do it.”

impulsive decision, but one that he had come to over a period of time because of his growing opposition to the corporation's management system.

Today DeLorean is chairman of his own organization, the DeLorean Motor Corporation, founded in 1974. As this is written, production of his two-seat sports car is scheduled to begin before the end of 1980 in a brand-new plant near Belfast, Northern Ireland; and, if all goes well, it should rise to an eventual volume of thirty thousand vehicles a year. The last American to start a major independent automobile company was Malcolm Bricklin, in 1974. The last one to succeed was Walter P. Chrysler, in 1925.

Born to an immigrant, working-class family in Detroit fifty-five years ago this month, DeLorean was tinkering with car engines before he was ten. He chose a technical high school and recalls having to study very hard to keep up academically. “I acquired a competitive spirit and zest for work that is with me today,” he says in the autobiographical book that he wrote with author J. Patrick Wright, *On a Clear Day You Can See General Motors*.

After working his way through the Lawrence Institute of Technology, DeLorean took a job selling insurance because, he confesses, he felt it would help him overcome a somewhat shy and introverted personality. Another sales job followed, but then destiny led him to a co-op program at Chrysler Corporation, from which he emerged with a master's degree in automotive engineering in 1952.

That same year, he left Chrysler for a research-and-development engineering position at Packard Motor Corporation, a company small enough that he was expected to master all aspects of car development from machining and assem-

bly to designing and testing.

DeLorean was promoted to director of research and development in 1956, but at that time the company was in trouble and on its way out as an automaker. Later that year he made one of the biggest decisions of his life—to accept an offer at GM's Pontiac Division as director of advanced engineering.

Three years later he was assistant chief engineer under Elliott M. “Pete” Estes, and in 1961 he took over as chief engineer when Estes relieved Semon E. “Bunky” Knudsen as general manager. Knudsen had been promoted to general manager at the much larger Chevrolet Division, and when he moved again (to the Fourteenth Floor), the succession repeated itself, with Estes taking over Chevrolet and DeLorean replacing him as Pontiac's general manager. Just forty years old, he was the youngest man ever to head a GM division.

During his time at Pontiac, the once-stodgy division grew to third place in U.S. sales; and DeLorean himself was responsible for literally dozens of engineering innovations. (He still holds some forty-four U.S. patents.)

DeLorean's management style is simple but effective: divide complex problems into smaller components and tackle them logically in order of importance; break up time-wasting layers of responsibility and delegate decision-making authority to capable people at the level closest to the task at hand; work hard, set

lofty but attainable goals and give people room to stretch their talents to meet them. He drives his people hard but leads through example and encouragement rather than fear.

Early in 1969, DeLorean was appointed general manager of the huge and then-troubled Chevrolet Division, and it was there that his unorthodox style really began to grate on his superiors on the Fourteenth Floor. Among other things, he closed Chevrolet assembly plants on more than one occasion when their quality dropped, something that no one had ever done before. At one point in 1970 he pressed the corporate managers to seek help from the White House in trying to avoid a costly strike—and then tried to contact the President himself through an influential friend when they refused.

Even while he was effectively reorganizing and streamlining the division, restoring lost sales penetration and profitability, this sort of impulsive and headstrong action was constantly getting DeLorean into trouble with the conservative corporate bosses above him. On top of that, his hair and sideburns were modishly long for the time, and his flashy, Italian-cut suits contrasted markedly with their pin-striped grays. He was divorced and preferred jet setting with celebrities, in company with beautiful, young actresses and models, to socializing with other GM executives and their wives.

Despite this nonconformity, DeLorean's performance earned him the rank of group vice-president, North American Car and Truck Operations, in 1972, and he was considered a leading candidate for the GM presidency. But his relationships on the Fourteenth Floor continued to deteriorate. Before long, he says, he began to feel completely cut off from the mainstream of the

A Car Is Born

corporation's business, and he longed to be back in the thick of automotive action. The business world was shocked when he announced his resignation early in the spring of 1973.

"The tragic irony of my resignation," he says in his autobiography, "was that this mammoth corporation, which was founded by a maverick, Billy Durant, and built into a prototype of the well-run American business by men who were distinct individuals, could not today accept or accommodate an executive who had made his mark in the corporation by being different and individualistic." Not only is DeLorean different, he is also, by some measures, simply better than most of his fellow executives. According to a former Pontiac associate, quoted in *Business Week*, DeLorean reads 3,000 words a minute, sleeps four to five hours a night and can do a day's work in half an hour.

Today, at age fifty-six, his wavy hair silvered and his handsome Latin face lined just a bit with the years, he continues at a pace that leaves associates breathless. Entering the plush DeLorean Motor Corporation New York headquarters, one gets the feeling of an already hugely successful organization rather than one that has yet to build its first production car.

"The feeling," notes DeLorean, "is that no little guy has a chance to make it. The problem we've always had is convincing the world that we aren't going to be like that. There is an opportunity for a little guy in that small niche in the market where we are trying to be, but the problem has been one of credibility, convincing the financial community that we had a substantial enough chance to succeed that they were willing to make an investment."

But he did find the support he needed from potential dealers,



Photo: Bob Richardson

Cristina Ferrare DeLorean is a New York model with a highly successful career of her own.

from celebrities (Johnny Carson, for one), eventually from the financial community and finally from the government of Northern Ireland, which wanted his plant for the jobs it would create.

DeLorean plans to build his business not only on the quality of his products but also on the integrity of his dealers. He has signed 347 dealers so far, each having made an equity investment of \$25,000 and each agreeing to purchase between 50 and 150 cars over a two-year period. Also, each dealer must reserve a service bay for the company's products, have technicians trained by DeLorean Motor Car Company and purchase an initial stock of parts valued at approximately \$6,000.

"Through my whole business life," he emphasizes, "I have always had strong feelings that you have to be very honest and very straight with dealers, as opposed to some people in the business who are always telling them whatever they think it takes to encourage them to sell this year's model. Every dealer group I have worked with made more money while I was the manager than with anybody else they

ever had. They recognized that I had done something for them, and consequently, they were willing to trust me and put their money into my venture.

Designed primarily for the American market, the \$25,000 DeLorean is a sleek sports car with gull-wing doors, a shiny, rustproof stainless-steel body and a 145-hp, rear-mounted, overhead camshaft V-6 engine jointly developed by Peugeot and Renault of France and Volvo of Sweden. Its body was designed by the famed Giugiaro studio in Italy, and its sophisticated chassis was developed by England's Lotus of Formula One championship racing fame. DeLorean says it will accelerate from 0 to 60 mph in eight seconds, yet it will be very fuel efficient for a high-performance luxury sports car.

DeLorean's next move will be to add a four-door sedan to the lineup. He says that preliminary work on it has already begun in Giugiaro's studio and that it will be a uniquely styled luxury sedan aimed at a new slot in the American market. It will be aerodynamically designed with the same essential characteristics as the sports car, including gull-wing doors, says DeLorean. The company also is completing plans to build highly sophisticated city buses in a U.S. plant.

"Nobody argues about the qualifications of our organization," boasts DeLorean. "If we are going to sell in a prestige end of the market, we have to be a prestigious company with a first-class product. Our whole concept is that we do it right or we won't do it."

Resettled in the New York area with his third wife, model Cristina Ferrare, John Z. DeLorean, the maverick auto executive who might have succeeded the retiring Pete Estes as GM's president this month, confidently works toward turning his dream into reality. □

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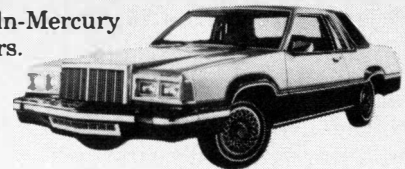
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From the Terrace

Riding the rails isn't
what it used to be—it's better.

By Berton Roueché

Illustrations: Michael Haasis



I am lying in a swaying hammock, gently swaying in the sun. I am swaying and swinging. I am lightly bouncing, then suddenly rocking. I am rocking from side to side, from end to end. The hammock lifts and sinks. It lurches. It lifts again, it drops again, it jolts and pitches. I am falling. The ground comes arching up. There is a shuddering thump, a bump. It thumps me, bumps me, wrenches me awake. I open my eyes to darkness. I am lying sprawled on my back, entangled in sheets and blankets, in a clinking, clanking midnight dark. And the hammock—I'm not in a hammock. There is no hammock. I am lying in a lower berth in Bedroom C in Car 4901 of the Lake Shore Limited, en route from New York to Chicago on the first leg of an Amtrak journey to Seattle.

This was the third time in not quite twenty years that I had traveled from coast to coast by train. I made the first of these trips in the fall of 1961, when the American passenger train, at least in the West, was still almost as good as it had been at its impressive best: an extensive dining-car menu of well-prepared food; fresh flowers and linen napery; complimentary overnight shoeshines; convenient schedules; prompt, courte-

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From the Terrace

“A train moved through a different world. It was a world of change and surprise, of back doors, back roads, back country.”

ous and efficient service. I made my second transcontinental trip in the fall of 1970, just before the advent of Amtrak, when train travel, even in the West, seemed almost designedly sleazy and uncomfortable: snack-bar food, unemptied ashtrays, torn sheets, no hot water, flat wheels, long halts on sidings to let a freight train pass. This third three-thousand-mile excursion was one of hopeful curiosity. I had been told that Amtrak had made a considerable effort to restore to its consortium of railroads much of the traditional pleasure of train travel. I had been told that the Lake Shore Limited was now composed of thoroughly refurbished cars and was manned by a reanimated staff, and that the Chicago-Seattle train, the Empire Builder, was an even more arresting accomplishment. It was, I was told, a brand-new train, an all-electric train, a train composed of newly designed equipment—new diners, new sleepers, new coaches. Last March, I thought I would see for myself.

I had seen a little already. The Lake Shore Limited, despite its name, is not an express. It leaves Grand Central at 6:45 in the evening and is scheduled to reach Chicago at 2:40 the following afternoon. It makes stops at Harmon, Poughkeepsie, Rhinecliff, Hudson, Albany (where it takes on a sleeping car and coaches from Boston), Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Elyria, Toledo, Elkhart, South Bend and Chicago. It is almost, if not quite, a local. It is, on the other hand, well patronized. When I got to the departure gate, at a cautious 6:15, a good fifty people—businessmen, couples of all ages and classes, students dressed as for a day of hard labor in the sugarbush—were already massed there, and another fifty quickly massed behind us. The

gate opened, and we all filed through, and down the ramp and along the chilly, twilight, subterranean platform. Everything was much as I liked to remember it—the loom of stainless steel, the cluster of conductors and trainmen, the white-coated porters at their stations, the hisses and snorts, the endless tinkle of distant bells. I found my car, and the porter there took my bag. I followed him aboard and into the car (“Dining Car in Opposite Direction”) and up a bustling corridor (every roomette and bedroom seemed to be occupied) to Bedroom C. The room was conspicuously clean, and the long settee that would open into my berth looked newly upholstered. There were coat hangers (old-fashioned, removable hangers) in the little closet, there were fresh towels and washcloths, soap, full dispensers of Kleenex and paper cups in the bathroom, even cold water from the tap marked Ice Water. I made myself comfortable. The train gave a little stir, and began to move. I looked at my watch. It was exactly 6:45.

The dining car was almost full, but the steward found me an aisle chair at a table for four. The table appointments were reassuring: white tablecloths, cloth napkins, three yellow chrysanthemums in a vase. My companions had been served and were eating. They were a slender, freckle-faced girl in an enormous white sweater with a propped-up paperback book (*Père*

Goriot) and an urban couple (business suit, tweed jacket) in their fifties. The man gave me a smile and a nod, the woman smiled, the girl gave me a glance (the kind of glance she would probably have given old Goriot) and went back to her book and her dinner. A waiter appeared with a menu. I ordered (onion soup, broiled Boston scrod, mixed vegetables, a half bottle of California white wine), and the waiter served me promptly and properly and pleasantly. He opened the wine and poured some in my glass. He then recorked the bottle and set it tilted up on its side with the neck resting in the handle of a water pitcher. “That’s just to be safe,” he told me. “They’ve still got some bumps in the roadbed along this route. They’re working on it, but we still get a certain amount of what the airlines call turbulence.”

The wine was chilled. The food was hot, and good—good enough. The butter was sweet butter. The urban couple finished their meal, called for their check, and smiled and nodded and left. The girl read on. Our table was at the galley end of the car, and I could hear the kitchen crew at work. Only, it didn’t sound like work. It sounded more like a cocktail party in the apartment down the hall. It was all smothered joyful shouts and muffled bursts of laughter, and the waiters seemed always to emerge from the galley smiling. There was a moment of turbulence. I reached to steady my wine glass, and my napkin slid off my lap. A waiter—not my waiter—standing ten feet away took three giant steps and swept it off the floor. But he didn’t return it to me. Instead, he stepped into the galley and came back with a crisp new napkin. He gave it to me with a little flourish. And smiled.

I lay in my berth in the chilled and clattering dark and bounced

through another, less violent spell of turbulence. I was glad that the waiter had prepared me. The turbulence subsided into an easy, lulling rock—the incomparable cradling of sleep on a speeding train. I heard the sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor outside my door. A voice said, "... three above and snowing in Buffalo, with a wind-chill factor of..." I turned over and went back to my hammocky sleep.

I awoke to daylight and a slow-motion view of the wintry mill-town outskirts of what I took to be Cleveland. It could have been any sooty, run-down Eastern city. I shaved and dressed to the leisurely passage of dumps and slushy crossings, then to quickening vacant lots and old frame houses, then to a racing open countryside carpeted with snow. I went in to breakfast. The diner was bright and shining and full of the good smell of freshly made coffee—the smell that is always better than the taste. I was given a table to myself and a complimentary copy of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. The breakfast menu exhorted me to "Begin with a Bloody Mary or Screwdriver 1.75." I began with grapefruit juice. I was joined by a young couple and, a moment later, by an older woman in a camel's-hair coat. She wore a man's gold pocket watch on a chain around her neck. The young man was dark, the young woman was fair. They both wore glasses and a look of happy excitement. He craned his neck around her and looked out at the snowy fields and bare-boned woodlots.

"Hey!" he said. "Wow! Isn't this great?"

"Oh, it is," the young woman said. "It's neat—really neat."

"I mean," he said, "I mean, here we are sitting here eating breakfast and looking out there at the scenery. I never knew it would be like



Illustration: Steve Miller

this. I never knew it would be so great."

"It's just neat," she said.

The older woman turned to me. She, too, had a happy look. "It *is* neat," she said.

"I think so, too," I said.

"I've always loved trains," she said. "Ever since I was little. But especially the dining car. I've always thought it was more fun than even a plush restaurant. There's something about looking out the window while you eat. It's like a house with a terrace and a view that keeps changing all the time. It's so different from those boring, boring planes. It's even fun in bad weather."

The waiter had been pouring her coffee—and listening. He cleared his throat. "Yes, Ma'am," he said. "That's exactly what my dad used to say. He used to say bad weather wasn't all bad. He said it could be real nice to sit someplace where it's warm and dry and look out at it."

I spent the morning on my terrace, watching the changing view. I had a book I wanted to read, but my eyes kept lifting and shifting to the window. There was always something that seemed somehow worth seeing. I remembered my companions at breakfast. Train travel wasn't different only from those boring planes. Its sights were also different, and of a different quality, from those of highway travel. Highway travel was either monotony or squalor. It was the land-

scaped Interstate or the strip—the filling stations, the body shops, the discount fabric centers, the motels, the drive-in movies, the Stuckey stores. A train moved through a different world. It was a world of change and surprise. It was a world of back doors, back roads, back country. It had a backstage intimacy. I looked out not on clouds, not on a riveting ribbon of highway. I sat and watched a bushy creek give way to a skeletal hillside apple orchard. Then a man in a grass-green jacket standing in a white pasture. Then an expanse of frozen water. Then the majestic ruin of a red brick Greek Revival house with a crow perched on one of its chimneys. Then a dark and deep and gloomy Hansel-and-Gretel pine forest. Then children milling in a schoolyard framed by yellow buses. The train whistle blew. Farmland gave way to a treeless subdivision. An underpass yawned. The underpass gave way to a long retaining wall. Graffiti appeared: "Pot Smokers Do It Better." It began to snow. I went in to lunch.

His name, he told me, was Hellsell—Charles Hellsell. He looked to be in his early thirties, a tall, slender, partly bald man in a button-down-collar shirt and a tweed jacket. He took a bite of mostaccioli-and-meatballs and a swallow of Burgundy. He shook his head. "No," he told me, "I got on this morning—at Elyria. That's the stop for Oberlin College. I'm a museum man, and I've been down there looking at their museum. They've got a good one. I'm a curator at the University Gallery at the University of Minnesota, in Minneapolis. I do a lot of traveling, and I don't know how long it's been since I was on a plane, sitting there with my knees hunched up, eating off that little highchair tray. I won't even mention the bus. I do

From the Terrace

“
There was only a
sense of motion and
the clickety,
clackety, click of
iron on iron. I thought
of Agatha Christie.”

my traveling by train. New York. Washington. Chicago. Denver. St. Louis. Cleveland. And all points in between. I figured out the other day that I've covered at least ten thousand miles by train in the last two years. As a matter of fact, I belong to the National Association of Railroad Passengers. No, no—we're not railroad buffs. Quite the opposite. We're concerned with today and tomorrow. We're consumer activists. There are ten thousand of us, and I think we can take some credit for the big improvement in Amtrak. We've certainly helped in getting the passenger train a priority over freight. And also with the on-time record. But that doesn't mean so much to me. I'm seldom in that big a hurry. I like to ride the train. I like to sit back and relax. I like the lounge car and the dining car and the coaches. I like to wander around and meet people. And talk. Like now."

I sat at my window and looked out at the blowing snow. I read my book. I dozed.

There was a knock at the door. It was the porter. "Coming into Chicago," he said. "You want to give me your grip?"

I got up and got into my overcoat and looked at my watch. It said 2:15.

"It's only 2:15," I said. "I didn't think we were due in until 2:40."

"That's right," he said. "But we're running ahead of time. Seems like we usually do these days."

"That's pretty good on a day like this," I said. "It looks like a blizzard out there."

"Sure does," he said. "They tell me that out at O'Hare they only got two runways open."

I was ahead of time, too. The Empire Builder wasn't scheduled to leave for Seattle until 11:30 the following morning. But I had friends

in Chicago, and I had planned it that way. I spent the night at the Palmer House. The cabdriver who drove me there was a black man in his twenties with a little goatee, and he (and the cab) smelled to high heaven of grape chewing gum. He sat while I handled my bag and got in, he sat while I handled my bag and got out. When I asked him the amount of the fare, he pointed to the meter. He did, however, accept a tip.

The cabdriver who drove me back to Union Station the next morning was old and bald and wizened up and also black. He grabbed my bag and opened the door and all but helped me in. "Union Station, eh?" he said. "Well, it's a good day to get out of town. Paper says more snow. But there's one sure thing. It ain't going to snow forever. It never has. I been around long enough to know that. I got this grandson. And you know what I told him? I said to him, 'Vernon, I got the advantage of you. I know what it's like to be young. But you don't know what it's like to be old.'"

The new (Superliner) Empire Builder is a two-decker train. All its passenger cars—diner, coaches, sleepers—stand two stories high, sixteen feet from rail to roof, with the floor of the upper level a good ten feet from the ground. Through Gate 16, the train rose up along the platform like a great red-and-blue-and-silvery ship moored alongside a pier. The sleeping car came first,

at the rear of the train. Beyond it was the diner, then three coaches, a baggage car, a mail car and two electric locomotives. There was the usual cluster of conductors and trainmen, the usual rumble of luggage carts, the usual surge of passengers, the usual wailing baby. The sleeping-car porter was stationed at an open doorway halfway down the car. That was the entrance—the only entrance. He took my bag and looked at my ticket.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Up the stairs, turn to the left, fourth door, Bedroom B."

I walked into a kind of foyer the width of the car, with another door in the opposite wall and central corridors running fore and aft. The corridors were lined with doors—roomettes, I presumed—and surging with people. The foyer was carpeted—wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling—in some sand-colored fabric. So were the stairs. They led up, in two sharp turns, to another carpeted foyer. The rear half of the second level was given over to more roomettes, and more people. The bedrooms were in the front half. There were five of them, opening on a windowed aisle. The three I passed on the way to my room were occupied. Mine, the fourth, was softly lighted and agreeably warm. There was a deep sofa, convertible into a berth, along the front wall. There was a built-in washbasin (with a three-sided mirror) to the left of the door. A swivel armchair faced the window end of the sofa. A door to the right of the armchair opened on an ingenious combination of toilet and shower bath: there was a raised doorsill, a drain in the floor, a shower head in the ceiling. The chair and the sofa were upholstered in a nubbly burnt-orange tweed, and there were matching curtains on the window. The window ran the length of the outer wall—a good five feet—and it of-



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From the Terrace

ferred a commanding view. I stood there, looking down, watching the platform suddenly sliding away, watching a broadening sweep of tracks and sidings, the burst of daylight, a spread of warehouses in the distance. The Superliner was indeed a new train. If my window on the Lake Shore Limited had been a terrace, my window here was a balcony, a gallery, a roof garden.

I found a little fold-out table in a slot between the armchair and the sofa, and that decided me. I had had a late breakfast, and I decided to lunch in the shoes-off comfort of my room. The porter brought my lunch (a baked-ham sandwich and a bottle of beer), and with it a timetable and a route map. Today was Sunday. We were scheduled to reach Seattle at 8:55 on Tuesday morning. There were many scheduled stops along the way. The first was Milwaukee. Among the other important stops were Minneapolis; Fargo, North Dakota; Havre, Montana, and Spokane. We would cross the Rockies at East Glacier, Montana, in Glacier National Park, and cross the Cascades a few miles east of Seattle. Our route was due north to Milwaukee, then northwest to Minot, North Dakota, then west along the Canadian border. It was the most northerly, the most wintry railroad route in the country. I ate my sandwich and drank my cold beer, and looked out at an empty, rolling countryside glazed with pristine snow. We were only in southern Wisconsin. But it already looked like Siberia.

I remember Milwaukee as a dark and crowded station platform, and a bustle in the corridor outside my door, and a man's voice: "... just terrific. I feel relaxed and lazy already." And then acres and acres of crowded sidetracks. I looked down

from my eminence on a desolation of bent and battered coaches and freight cars and stranded, rusting locomotives. These were the discards of the railroad world, the wrecks. There were bashed-in sides and rear ends crushed into accordion pleats and missing wheels and boxcar doors spilled out on the ground. It was a vanished world, a nineteenth-century world of corporate indifference or innocence, or both. I wondered how it would feel at an airport to taxi out for takeoff past rows of crashed and broken and abandoned planes.

The other innocence—the innocence of the countryside—returned. It was abrupt and almost metaphorically emphatic. We moved slowly through the ultimate outskirts—the last industrial vacant lots—and the first fields and pastures appeared. Something burst into the air overhead. It was a bird—a big, gaudy, purple-and-red-and-golden bird. It came sailing down past my window. It landed in a bristle of fencerow brush and scurried out of sight. The Empire Builder had somehow flushed a cock pheasant.

I sat in my swivel armchair and watched the passing scene. The track curved slightly, and I could see the locomotives, the mail car, the baggage car, a coach. And then the black mouth of a tunnel. It loomed and engulfed us. I sat in an absolute, an impenetrable, an almost palpable dark. There was only a sense of motion and the clackety, clackety, click of iron on iron. I thought of Agatha Christie. I thought of Graham Greene. I thought of *The Lady Vanishes*. I had never felt so completely on a train. A minute passed—a long, long minute. Then daylight flooded back. I hardly dared look at the sofa. There was almost certainly a

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From the Terrace

If an electric train
will stand up to
midwinter in
North Dakota and
Montana, it will
stand up
to anything.

body sprawling there with a knife thrust deep in its back.

The dining car was the first car ahead of the sleeper, and the restaurant occupied the whole of the upper deck. The kitchen was below. The food was passed up by dumbwaiter to a serving pantry in the middle of the car. There were eighteen tables for four, and they were laid with pale beige tablecloths and dark brown napkins, and each had a vase of fresh yellow chrysanthemums. The china was white and delicately ringed around the rim in burnt orange and black. It was also delicately made—as thin as the china one would expect to find in a first-class restaurant. The seats were upholstered in a rust-colored tweed and trimmed with dark brown leather, and they were wide and comfortable. The diner had, I thought as the steward led me up the aisle, almost the look and feel of a club.

My companions at table were a bald, hawk-nosed man of around fifty and a heavyset couple in their forties. The menu offered stuffed breast of chicken, roast prime ribs of beef, baked rainbow trout with crabmeat stuffing, grilled ham steak with pineapple ring and ten-ounce New York strip steak with mushroom caps. I ordered the rainbow trout, and it was good—very good. And it was modestly priced: \$5.95. Before it, I had a dry Martini (\$1.75), and with it I had a half bottle of rosé (\$2.50). The couple across the table were of a kind I had often seen before in restaurants. They sat together in amity, but they never exchanged a word. They ate and drank (three Scotches each, rare prime ribs of beef, two half bottles of wine, pecan pie and coffee) in silence, a concentrated, ravenous silence. They had just been served their first Scotch when I sat down, and they were finished and

up and gone before I had taken two bites of fish.

The man beside me was eating steak and drinking beer. He watched the waiter bring me my drink. He watched me take a swallow. He leaned forward. "Going far?"

I told him yes, all the way to Seattle.

He nodded. "I live in St. Paul," he said. He took a quick bite and gave me a friendly stare. "I could have been home five hours ago by jet. But what the hell! I mean this thing about speed. I played three rubbers of bridge with some folks that got off at Milwaukee. I read *Milling & Baking News* from cover to cover. I worked a crossword puzzle. I even stretched out and took a little nap. And now I'm having a nice, quiet dinner with plenty of room for my legs. I'm enjoying myself. There used to be a slogan: 'Getting there is half the fun.' That always made me laugh."

"Laugh?" I said.

"It was an airline slogan," he said. It wasn't, of course; it was a steamship slogan. But I let it pass. I liked it better his way.

I woke up, as I often do, in what felt like the middle of the night. I looked at my watch: twenty minutes past three. I lay for a moment in the sensual grip of pure comfort. The sheets were soft, the pillow was just firm enough, and it was difficult to believe that I was lying in a berth. It was six-and-a-half feet

long and at least as wide as my twin bed at home. I rolled over to settle into sleep again—and smelled something. It was faint, but explicit, and familiar. It was deeply, nostalgically familiar. It was, incredibly, the smell of skunk.

When I awakened again, it was morning. The light between the curtains at the window looked like early morning, but my watch said almost 8:00. I crawled over to the window and looked out at a world of gray and white. It was snowing—snowing hard, and blowing. There was nothing to see but snow on the ground and snow in the air and a lowering pale-gray sky. And then a spot of color appeared, a moving spot of yellow. It was a school bus. I watched the bus moving serenely through the driving, drifting snow, and wondered. I marveled. This wasn't Siberia; it was somewhere in North Dakota. But it was truly another country. In all the years I had lived in the East, in the New York metropolitan area, I had never seen a school bus venture out in anything more threatening than a couple of inches of snow.

The waiter came swinging up the aisle with a big, silvery pot of coffee. We were experiencing a period of turbulence, and he moved with the balanced grace of a dancer. He stopped at my table, swung into position, tilted the pot and nicely, cleanly, filled my cup. I thanked him for an impressive performance.

"Thank you," he said. "But it's just a little knack you get used to. The only trouble I ever have is when I'm home in my home in Minneapolis. I have a real hard time pouring out my coffee with that kitchen table standing there so still."

The diner was full this morning, with people waiting for seats. None

From the Terrace

“We twisted
and turned and
crawled through
snowshed tunnels
and I looked dizzily
down into sheer
chasms.”

of the faces looked familiar. About half of them looked like college students. The other half looked like their grandparents. A young man up the aisle from me wore a Buffalo Bill moustache and a flat-crowned cowboy hat pinned up in front like a Pony Express rider's. But his breakfast was a toasted Danish pastry and a Coke.

I shared my table with a somewhat collegiate-looking couple in their fifties. They were, the man told me, from Michigan—from Ann Arbor. I mentioned the university. “No,” he said, “I’m not an academic, but we do lead a university life. I have a dry-cleaning establishment near the campus, and the business lives and breathes with the students. When it’s spring vacation at the university, it’s spring vacation for us. We’ve tried a lot of things, a lot of different places, and we’ve sort of settled for the train. We travel just for pleasure. There’s nothing like a train for recharging the battery. We eat and sleep and read and play cards and enjoy the scenery. Especially eat. I’m not much of a glutton, but the minute I get on the train I’m hungry. I’m always waiting for the next meal. I don’t know—there’s always something interesting going on. Last year, we had dinner one night with an Americana historian. A fascinating man. He told us the whole story of Chief Joseph. But I’m also satisfied to just enjoy the sights. There’s always something to see. Or to— Let me tell you something strange. I woke up in the middle of last night, and it was the damndest thing! It was really weird. I smelled a skunk!”

I stayed on alone at the breakfast table for another cup of coffee, and I was presently joined by a young Amtrak official named Gary Erford—the manager of Amtrak’s Onboard Services in Seattle. Er-

ford was wearing the Amtrak uniform: navy blue suit, yellow shirt, blue necktie. “I’m not really working,” he told me. “I’ve been back in Chicago for a visit with my dad. My dad is an old railroad man—he was with the Burlington Northern—and I guess he’s probably why I took up railroading. It didn’t look too promising when I started out. I think we’re definitely part of the future now. Anyway—I don’t want to sound like your captain speaking, but I thought you might be interested in a few things. You may be wondering why we picked this particular route—it’s the Great Northern route, you know—to inaugurate our new Superliner series. Well, the reason is this. It’s the toughest route in the country. If an all-electric train will stand up to midwinter in North Dakota and Montana and through the Rockies, it will stand up to anything. This isn’t the coldest day of the year, but”—he nodded toward the window—“the temperature out there half an hour ago was 5 below, with a windchill factor bringing it down to almost minus 20. In summer, it’s the other extreme. A high of 115 is nothing. We’ve got a big investment here, so we want to make sure. The sleeping car you’re in is brand-new. It just came out of the Pullman plant, and it carries a price tag of three-quarters of a million dollars. This diner is also on its maiden run. It was designed by airline engineers, and it cost almost a million. But our galley isn’t an airline galley. It’s a real

restaurant kitchen. Maybe you’d like to go down and meet the chef and take a look around.”

A narrow, winding staircase led down to the kitchen from a corner of the pantry. The rear half of the kitchen was storage room and scullery, and two white-coated men were working there. The other half was the kitchen proper. The chef was a big, pale, raw-boned man in his early fifties named Parlin Nienhaus. He was standing at a complexity of ranges, drinking a cup of coffee. “That’s right,” he told me. “We’re all-electric here—electric grill, microwave oven, four convection ovens. That makes a big difference. I’m old enough to have seen it all. I started out in 1944, cooking with soft coal, charcoal and paper. Then, in 1946, we moved up to gas. We cooked with gas till 1972, and then they switched us to pressed sawdust—what they called Pres-To-Logs. Electric is better, cleaner, quicker. The only thing that hasn’t changed is our approach to cooking. All the meat we serve comes into this kitchen raw. You’ll never get a precooked steak or roast on this train. I’ve been a chef since 1949. Those are my cooks down there cleaning up. One of them is fry cook and baker. The other is vegetable man. My department is soups and meats. Except when I’m at home. My wife does the cooking there. That’s one thing we never argue about. She cooks it and I eat it. I’ve never had any cause for complaint.”

He swallowed the last of his coffee and set the cup down on a counter. Erford picked it up.

“We’re new in almost every direction,” he said. “I suppose you’ve noticed our china.”

I said I had. I said I thought it was unusually handsome, unusually elegant.

Erford nodded. “I think so, too,” he said. “But it’s also something

else..." He slammed the cup against the edge of the metal counter. "It's also practically unbreakable. Corning developed it. It's some special kind of glass ceramic."

When I got back to my room, I found the porter there, making up my berth. I sat down in the chair by the window. The snow had almost stopped, and the sky had lightened and lifted. But the countryside looked, if anything, even more desolate than before—a rolling emptiness of snowy fields, an occasional skeleton tree, a half-buried barbed-wire fence.

"It looks pretty grim out there," I said.

The porter shoved the berth into its daytime metamorphosis and smiled. "Well," he said. "I'll tell you what they say around here. They say when a crow wants to fly through this country he's got to pack a lunch."

Half awake, half dreaming, my book half open on my lap, I sat stretched out at the window like a clubman in his favorite easy chair. I felt a stir of appetite, and thought of the man from Ann Arbor. It was almost time for lunch. Almost, but not quite. I took up my book and read a page, and put it down. It was snowing again, and blowing. A patch of blue emerged in the white. It was a house, a barn, a crossroads garage—standing alone and deep in drifted snow and painted a pale but thrusting shade of blue. I stared at it in a state of startlement, with a sense of visitation—a sense, almost, of *déjà vu*. I had seen it before, and more than once, but only in my imagination, only in my mind. It was the blue hotel of Stephen Crane's story: "The Palace Hotel at Fort Romper was painted a light blue, a shade that is on the legs of a kind of heron, causing the bird to declare its position against



Illustration: Steve Miller

any background. The Palace Hotel, then, was always screaming and howling in ... the dazzling winter landscape of Nebraska." It gave me a funny feeling. I went in to lunch remembering old Scully and the Easterner and the cowboy, and the doomed and disdainful Swede jabbing out "harpoon-fashion with his fork to pinion a biscuit." It was as if at last I had actually seen them.

There was a knock on my bedroom door. It was the porter. He said we were coming into Havre. He pronounced it, in the local fashion, "Haver." "Havre is a twenty-five-minute stop," he said. "I thought you might like to get out and stretch your legs. See the sights. But don't forget your coat."

I got into my coat and went up the corridor and down the stairs and out onto a wide promenade platform recently cleared of snow. The air was crisp, and it was snowing a thin, dry, pellety snow. There were people with luggage coming off the train and people with luggage heading toward the coaches. I looked at the station—a two-story building of red and yellow brick. A main street, with a handful of angle-parked cars, paralleled the platform. It seemed to be lined with bars and cafés. Around the corner was a more imposing building: "Downtown Serv-Ur-Self Furniture." Beyond the town, a mile or so to the south, I could see the bulge of big, round, treeless hills. Those were the sights. I saw the couple

from Ann Arbor. I saw the heavy-set couple of Sunday night, strolling together in silence. I saw the young man in the Pony Express hat. Parlin Nienhaus, pale-faced and wearing only his thin white cotton coat, nodded to me from the open door of his kitchen. "Feels good, doesn't it?" he said. "Better than a nap." A string of boys and girls with skis and bulging rucksacks trooped by. Gary Erford appeared at my elbow. "Interesting, isn't it?" he said. "All these people. That's something I meant to tell you. Amtrak is a winter lifeline up here in the high plains. This has been a mild winter. But most years the roads are blocked for days at a time by ten- and fifteen-foot drifts. And, of course, you can never count on landing a plane. We move the folks from town to town." The whistle blew twice. Erford moved off at a trot toward the coaches. I walked back to the sleeper. The porter was standing in the lower foyer.

"Enjoy yourself?" he said. "Didn't freeze nothing?"

I said I hadn't really noticed the cold.

"That's the trouble," he said. "You don't, right off. But the temperature out there is seven above, and with this wind it's probably ten below. But you know something? The people who live out here in this country, they love it. Wouldn't live anywhere else. Or so they like to tell me."

The rounded hills to the south grew higher, climbing and tumbling and piling up on the far horizon, and their summits were hazy with spin-drift snow. We passed through Shelby (bars, cafés and the Rainbow Hotel), and through a wandering, fenceless range, where a herd of twenty or thirty shaggy horses grazed in knee-deep snow, and through the town of Cut Bank

From the Terrace

The Seattle railroad station soared in all its red brick, battlemented, bell-towered Victorian grandeur.

(bars, cafés and the Glacier Motor Hotel), and under a hilltop obelisk (a ten-foot pillar of orange-colored stone honoring a regional hero), and then the hills were no longer hills but merely foothills, and we were in the mountains. We were twisting and turning and crawling through snowshed tunnels, and I was looking dizzily down from my suddenly acrophobic terrace into sheer and bottomless chasms and up through a precipitous forest of pine and fir to naked rock and a fading sunset sky. It was almost six o'clock, almost time for dinner. We would be in the mountains, still creeping from ledge to ledge, until the smallest hours of the night. I rang for the porter, and ordered a double Martini.

"It's easy to see that you're not from this neck of the woods," the man across the table told me. I was dining (on an excellent slice of Parlin Nienhaus's rare roast beef) with a couple named Johnson and a business associate of theirs. They were all from Fargo, and were on their way to a meeting in Seattle. "The Johnsons are the Smiths and Joneses of North Dakota," Johnson went on. "The same for Minnesota. I'm one of I don't know how many thousand." He gave his friend an ambiguous glance. "There was this buddy I knew in Korea. He came to Fargo and called me up, and we got together, and he said it seemed to him that everybody he'd met since he got into town was named Johnson. How come? I said, 'Look out the window. Over there across the street. That sign on that big building there.' So he looked. The sign said 'The Johnson Manufacturing Company.' And he said, 'Oh—I see what you mean.'"

Johnson's friend gave me a look. "You never heard that story before?" he said.

I shook my head.

"Then I've got another good one for you," he said. "These two guys met, and the first one said, 'Hey—who was that lady I seen you with last night?' And the other guy said...."

We were still winding our way through mountains when I woke up and looked out the next morning. The mountains were, the timetable showed me, the Cascades, in western Washington. They looked much the same as last night's Rockies—fir and pine, snow and ice, canyons, misty peaks. But they somehow seemed less eerily acrophobic. Perhaps it was the cheerier light of morning. Something up ahead caught my eye. It looked like a herd of horses. I got a closer look. They weren't horses—they were elk. There were seven of them—five adults and two that I took to be yearlings. I looked down on the big, brown backs, the delicate, deerlike heads, as we passed. They stood there in a ragged row, regarding the train with a kind of bored attention. They might have been a crew of trackmen interrupted in their work, waiting stolidly for the train to pass.

The talk at my table at breakfast was of snowmobiles. I went back to my room with the understanding that the snowmobile was indispensable to life in the high plains in winter. After the past two days, I thought it might even be true. We were due to arrive in Seattle in less

than half an hour. I locked my bag and got out my coat and sat down at the window to wait. We had still been in the mountains, still deep in winter, at breakfast, but now the season was changing. We were coming down from the heights, and the snow was thinning and melting away in patches. The patches of snow became puddles. The puddles dried into mud and weedy yellow grass. The grass began to green. The sun came out. The sky was blue. We passed the first of dozens of Boeing plants, a Boeing landing field, a stadium. The Seattle railroad station—the King Street Station—came distantly, imposingly, into view. It soared in all its red brick, battlemented, bell-towered Victorian grandeur, and around it lay an ordered landscape of driveways and walkways and rich green lawns and flower beds ablaze with the red of rhododendrons and the blues and purples and whites and yellows of crocuses and hyacinths and daffodils. I picked up my bag and hung my coat over my arm and walked away from winter and into the verdancy of spring. □

Answers to crossword puzzle.

TOUITLIAW	BIRITIEFTS	JATCIATL
SICRIEIEICH	RIOLILIIING	AIRIOMIA
CHIAINGIEIO	FAIDIOILLAIR	RIEINIEW
AIRILIEIS	PIEINIS	TIRIA
NEISIT	SIPIED	CHIEIEIP
SIIEED	CHIAIR	EIGG
TIIPPIER	SIUIEDIE	LOIBOIS
DETOUR	SPACED	MORON
UNWED	SIPAIKIS	PAISJOVER
BALIT	HOIRISIDIE	SEINISIE
DBL	METAMORPHOSES	TRIP
UL	ALTISS	ELOPED
BIEFIALLILIEIN	IDIEAILIS	AIMIINIS
LAIDIED	IMPALIE	DUJMOJIT
BUIREN	MEATTS	TYRONE
ROCNED	MASSEBONA	
OUITIS	RITIAINIT	BIRIAIE
ALUIAIS	OICIT	AILAIS
SJUAIVIE	SJUIFIFILIE	DIHEDIEIC
TIEITIEA	STORIRIEILIS	RIIRIANITIS
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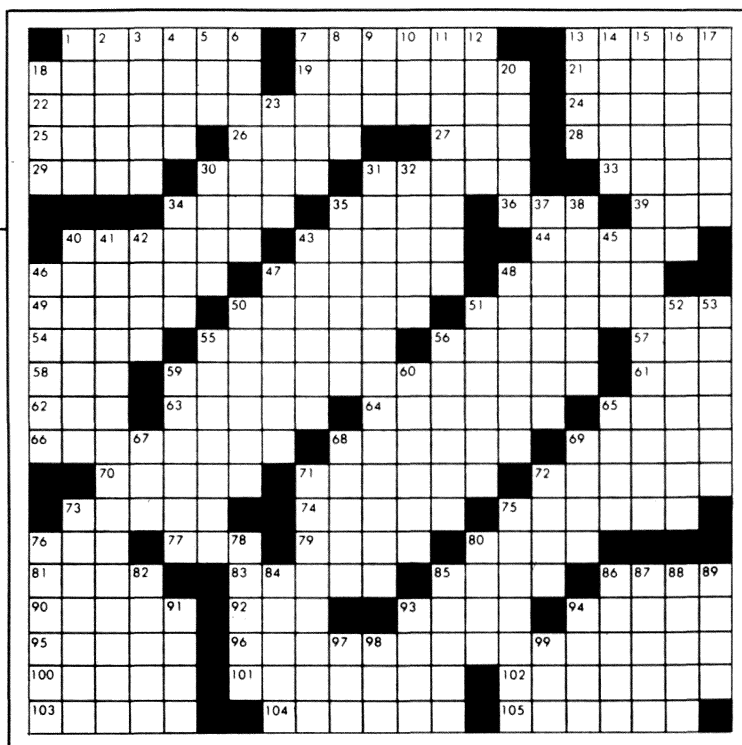
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Puzzles



Altered States

by Sylvia Bursztyn
and Barry Tunick

Across

- 1 Desperado
- 7 Lawyers' state-ments
- 13 Crude hut (SW U.S.)
- 18 Harsh shriek
- 19 Stones or Hills
- 21 Spicy odor
- 22 Four quarters—or the '79 Susan
- 24 Extend, as a sub-scription
- 25 Van Gogh locale
- 26 Cobs' mates
- 27 Prefix with verse or vesty
- 28 Melancholically
- 29 Aerie
- 30 Exceeded 55
- 31 29A sound
- 33 Peau de —; rich cloth
- 34 Spore
- 35 Scorch
- 36 Leghorn's output
- 39 Wheeled vehicle
- 40 Gratuity leaver
- 43 Buffed leather
- 44 Wolves in Juarez
- 46 Trip extender
- 47 — - out; drugged
- 48 Very foolish per-son
- 49 Single
- 50 Certain smacks

- 51 Disregard
- 54 Lure
- 55 — combat
- 56 Taste, e.g.
- 57 French summer
- 58 Two-bagger (abbr.)
- 59 Ovid work
- 61 Kind of snorter
- 62 Thor's stepson
- 63 Zeus temple site
- 64 Absconded
- 65 On the briny
- 66 Happened to
- 68 Perfect paradigms
- 69 Idi kin
- 70 Bailed
- 71 Transfix
- 72 Actress Margaret; foil for Groucho
- 73 "Abby" Van —
- 74 Carnivores' dishes
- 75 Irish county
- 76 Legendary bird
- 77 Edgar's nickname
- 79 E = MC² com-ponent
- 80 — fide
- 81 Becomes known
- 83 Cheerful
- 85 Scottish hillside
- 86 Sail bearer
- 90 Shades of blue

- 92 Former 8th mo.
- 93 Worried exclama-tion
- 94 Inter-mountain lowlands
- 95 Urbane
- 96 Got ready to deal
- 100 — - tete
- 101 Red-brown horses
- 102 Wanderers
- 103 Bowman Isaac
- 104 Marie Antoinette et al.
- 105 Mother Goose output

Down

- 1 Dark yellow
- 2 Russian mountains
- 3 Doctrine
- 4 Triangle sides
- 5 Expert
- 6 Tall tale
- 7 Stigmatize
- 8 Stewart & Carew
- 9 UN labor grp.
- 10 Cloth measure
- 11 Like some cigaret-tes

- 12 Trap
- 13 Jolts
- 14 Regions
- 15 Apt. landlord's option
- 16 Earhart namesakes
- 17 Counselor
- 18 Look at closely — or the opposite
- 20 Erstwhile raisin
- 23 Fodder
- 30 Prophet
- 31 Varied history
- 32 Pluto's realm
- 34 Murphy; tater
- 35 When in Juarez
- 37 Interpreted falsely
- 38 Furzes
- 40 Defensible
- 41 J.P. Morgan's reply when asked what the market would do
- 42 Non-prose writer
- 43 Tics
- 45 Hallowe'en shout
- 46 Rub-a- —
- 47 Wrenched muscle
- 48 Parsonages
- 50 Stupefied
- 51 Disregard
- 52 St- —; SE French city
- 53 Meal
- 55 Greek

- 56 Navigation dangers
- 59 "On the Water-front" star
- 60 Double folds of cloth
- 65 Bullets, grenades (colloq.)
- 67 Swiss river
- 68 Hippie locution
- 69 Lee of song
- 71 Unripe
- 72 Force unit
- 73 Wine aroma
- 75 Kitchen appliance
- 76 Criticizes severely
- 78 Rubbish
- 80 Thin nail
- 82 S&L client
- 84 Gods' blood
- 85 Give the benedic-tion
- 86 Sir's counterpart
- 87 Coeur d'—; Idaho tribe
- 88 Factions
- 89 Disapproving noises
- 91 Playwright O'Casey
- 93 Every, to Ernst
- 94 VHF segment
- 97 TGIF time (abbr.)
- 98 Swamp
- 99 Regal initials

Answers to
puzzle on page
66.

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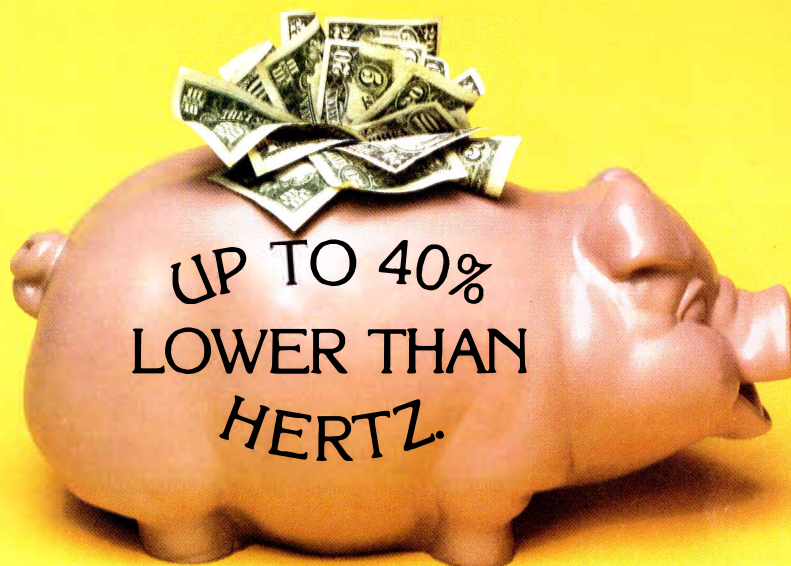
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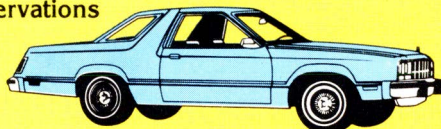
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21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
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